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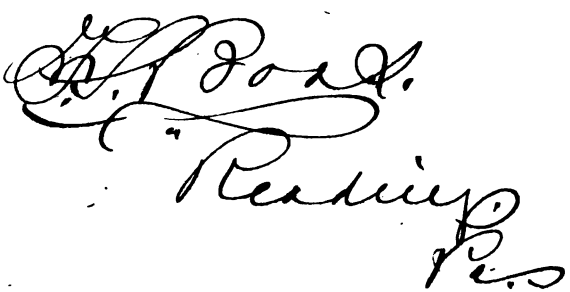

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BALLOU'S

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

REV. HOSEA BALLOU.

BOSTON:
JAMES M. USHER.
1852.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE following collection of poetry, from the pen of Rev. Hosea Ballou, is made from his impromptu contributions to various publications, and particularly from the Universalist Magazine while the author was editor of its pages. The favor which these verses have received from a very large number of Mr. Ballou's old friends in the denomination, when first presented in another form, has induced the publisher to issue them at this time by themselves. It would be unjust to judge of the author's poetic talent by these poems, written in the editorial sanctum, many years since, to fill the poet's corner of his paper. But, still, there is the same beautiful simplicity, yet firm and constant purpose, evinced in these produc-

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tions, that his almost unequalled prose writings have ever exhibited. When Mr. Ballou wrote verse or prose, he had a *purpose* in view; not merely that of rhyme and musical construction, but the end of doing some good by the effort he made at composition. He never wrote a line without this incentive; and to the discriminating these poems will commend themselves, as characteristic of their author, who now sleeps in death!

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METRICAL COMPOSITIONS.

RELIGION,

A HEAVEN BELOW.

To wanderers in the dismal road
Which leads to sin's most fatal woe,
Religion points the way to God,
And gives the peace of heaven below.

The slaves to error, the destroyed,
Who neither joy nor comfort know,
In iron servitude employed,
Find in Religion — heaven below.

To the opprest, the poor not fed,
Who from the rich quite empty go,
Religion brings fair Zion's bread,
And fills the soul with heaven below.

Those who in riches, fame, and power,
Nothing but anxious cares can know,

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Find in Religion's humble bower
That peace which makes a heaven below.

The sick, the weak, the dying, too,
Who earthly joys nor comforts know,
In pure Religion have a view
Of things which make a heaven below.

HYMN.

Hark! a glad voice from yonder dale;
Sweet whispers in the fanning gale;
With joy I hear, and gladly hail,
The peaceful voice of love.
Soft murmuring streams of grace supreme,
And light's celestial radiance beam —
All adding glory to the scene,
My drooping senses greatly cheer —
My thoughts are raised above.

Adieu, ye toys of earth and time!
Ye can no more my thoughts confine;
My heavenly lover's grace is mine;
My soul can want no more.

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Enchanting powers of love divine,
And each immortal grace, combine
My grosser passions to refine;
Immortal glory fills my soul —
My Jesus I adore.

Not all the treasures of Peru,
Nor polished gems that ancients knew,
Have half the beauties in my view,
As God's eternal Son.
Not all the pleasures of the spring,
Nor all the sweets that zephyrs bring,
Nor all the notes that songsters sing,
Can so delight my soul with joy
As Jesus doth alone.

More free than limpid streams that pass,
Cool murmuring 'mong the flowery grass,
Invite the thirsty as they pass,
Does Christ my soul invite;
Nor doth the grass in time of shower,
Nor bee that sucks the honey flower,
Nor weary swain beneath the bower,
Receive new life as soon as I,
Whom Jesus doth delight.

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May I, when time with me is o'er,
And I behold the sun no more,
In yonder world to come adore
My Jesus and my King.
May Adam's numerous throng, at last,
When sighs, and tears, and woes are past,
When in oblivion sin is cast,
Raised on the rainbow of his love,
His praise in glory sing.

HYMN.

RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

My foes declare, with awful frown,
The Lord my soul will thunder down
To black and long despair;
My crimes, they state, can't be forgiven;
I've preached so much the love of heaven,
I ne'er shall enter there!

I own the charge, and won't deny,
I've laid my worldly pleasure by,
Devoted up my time

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To preach my Saviour's boundless love
To all mankind, that they may prove
His mercy all divine.

Deception! heresy! they cry;
The fraud is of the blackest dye;
Should Christ love sinners? No!
He loves his saints, and such are we,
But sinners all must banished be
To vengeance, wrath, and woe?

That I 'm a sinner, Lord, I own;
But thou in mercy gavest thy Son
For wretches such as me;
And since I knew thy mercy, Lord,
I have to sinners preached thy word,
That they might taste and see.

If Christ for sinners feels no love,
What brought him from the realms above,
To die for sinful men?
If Jesus felt no love for me,
Till I his gracious love did see,
How did that love begin?

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Lord, judge between my foes and me;
Give us discerning eyes to see
And understand thy grace;
If there be mercy still in store
For sinners, then reveal thy power—
Unveil thy lovely face.

HYMN.

The following is a little altered from a song to a hymn.

TUNE—"*Wreaths to the chieftains.*"

WREATHS for the Saviour we honor! who planted
The gospel of peace in the world that he gained;
Christians his praise 'neath its shelter have chanted;
Secure in its branches believers remained.
Priestcraft has scattered it;
Superstition shattered it;
Flown is the nestler that tenanted there!
Long, from persecution's storm,
None sought its blighted form,
Save the lone martyr who died for its care.

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Hosannas, the high vault of heaven ascending,
Hallow the day when our Saviour was born!
The *mustard* he planted revives, and is blending
Its leaves with the *vine-branch* that blooms o'er its urn.
Ne'er may the sacred tree
Shorn of its verdure be;
Ne'er may the blast, that hath scattered it, blow.
Heaven send it happy dew,
Grace lend it sap anew,
Gayly to blossom, and widely to grow.

Sunk be the blaze of the fanatic forever!
Hushed be his wrath in the slumber of years!
Seraphs sound pæans of praise to the Giver,
Peace hath illumined the nations in tears.
May she in triumph reign,
Over the world again;
Ne'er may her fair floating banners be furled.
Still be the sinner's moan,
Silent be the dying groan,
Lost forever in the life of the world!

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CHILDREN'S PRAISES.

The following was written on occasion of hearing a family of children sing.

When Jesus taught in Galilee
That truth divine, which maketh free
From the vile yoke of sin,
Thousands, redeemed from sinful ways,
Joined in his well deserved praise,
And meekly followed him.

From place to place the Teacher went,
And by his works proved he was sent,
Commissioned from above.
On sightless eyes he poured the day;
The lame, relieved, went on their way,
With hearts imbued with love.

The sick from all around were brought,
And health from miracle was sought,
And never sought in vain;
The grave, the shroud, his word obeyed,
And those who were within them laid
Arose to life again.

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Their little ones kind parents brought
To Jesus, and a blessing sought
On those they loved so well;
And lo! behold! the blessing came
In the eternal Father's name,
And gently on them fell.

Now, little children, let me say,
Your hearts' affections, day by day,
Belong to Christ the Lord;
Then early learn to know him well,
And strive in virtue to excel,
Directed by his word.

O how delightful 't is to hear
The voices of these children dear
In praise to God unite!
The music of the birds which sing,
On blooming branches in the spring,
Gives no such sweet delight.

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CHRIST'S ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM.

From turrets high the watchmen now behold
Vast crowds press on toward the city gate,
As sheep press forward to the wonted fold;
No tardy one does for another wait.

Bethpage is past; and down the mountain's side
The multitude descend with voices loud;
Their ranks are deep, and fill the valleys wide;
They rush, they press, and to the city crowd.

The nobles, from their lofty halls, espy,
Amidst the host, one meek and lowly, ride
On the humble ass, and fast is drawing nigh,
Quite free from pomp, or equipage of pride.

"Who comes? who comes?" is cried the city round;
Inquiring thousands anxious are to know
What hostile power would tread on holy ground,
Or lay their loved, their ancient city low.

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No hostile banner here, no sword displayed;
The King of Zion comes as was foretold;
Expected long, no longer now delayed;
He comes to bring the wanderers to his fold.

Advancing on, the meek and lowly see
Amidst the throng; while thousands loudly sing
Hosannas in the highest, blest is he
Who comes to reign, our true and lawful King.

Branches of palm and other trees are seen
Waving in air, and strewed along the way;
And beauty's hands dispose the evergreen
Along the paths where costly garments lay.

Hark! what sounds are those our ears salute?
Hosannas loud sweet infant voices raise!
Sing on, dear babes, nor let your tongues be mute;
Your King is worthy to receive your praise.

But pause! — a lamentation strikes the ear;
The great Messiah weeps aloud to see
Jerusalem; and now his falling tear
Forebodes her woes, and her sad destiny.

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The holy prophets she hath madly slain,
And multiplied her sins before the Lord;
Her hands the blood of innocence did stain,
Which called aloud for the avenging sword.

Through all her streets that sword must quickly pass,
Wielded in wrath which can no pity show;
Her glory now must wither like the grass;
Jerusalem must fall before her foe.

The house of God, the house of prayer to purge,
The lowly Prince of Peace now enters in,
And drives from thence, with well-prepared scourge,
Vile thieves, its inmates who too long have been.

O King of Zion! in this heart of mine
Are thieves more vile — wilt thou not enter there,
And with thy rod of searching truth divine,
By cleansing, make this heart a house of prayer?

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THE SOUL PANTING AFTER GOD.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." — Psalm xlii. 1.

Wilt thou, O God, forever hide
Thy smiling mercy from my heart?
How slowly do my moments glide!
How heavy, dreary, and how dark!

In vain each glittering, earthly toy
I try my anguish to beguile;
Not one imparts a moment's joy,
Nor lights on sorrow's face a smile.

Wilt thou no more thy smiles impart,
My wounded spirit to revive?
No more refresh this famished heart,
Nor from this dying state revive?

Again I seek in pleasures round —
Not to enjoy, for that were vain —
But to forget my grief profound;
Yet all my sorrows still remain.

In memory of comforts gone,
Wilt thou thy favors hide from me?

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Forgetfulness is less forlorn;
Return, or grant this boon of thee.

Forget? O no! the hart as soon,
That thirsteth for the living stream,
Might cease to pant for drink at noon,
As I for what I once have seen.

A PRAYER.

With costly offerings why should we
Approach thine altar, Lord?
Thine is the earth, and thine the sea,
And all the worlds abroad.

The oil that from the olive flows,
The wine the vintage yields,
And every herb and fruit that grows
In gardens and in fields,

Are gifts of thine, which we receive
As tokens of thy love;
They please our tastes, our wants relieve,
And thy great goodness prove.

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From coral beds of ocean deep
Could we rich diamonds bring,
And on a golden altar heap
Each shining, glittering thing;

To thee they all belonged before,
Created by thy skill,
And treasured in thy ample store,
According to thy will.

The humble, contrite, broken heart
Thou never didst despise;
Wilt thou, O God, thy aid impart,
To bring this sacrifice?

AN INVITATION.

Poor wanderer in the paths of sin,
Wouldst thou return to peace?
O follow then the light within —
That light will fast increase.

But are thy feet in fetters bound?
Have foes blocked up thy way?

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Have snares encompassed thee around?
Then dangerous is delay.

Now is the time! one prayer sincere
Will turn these cords to tow,
Destroy these snares, and end thy fear,
And prostrate lay the foe.

Do crimes forebode the wrath divine,
And tell thee not to pray?
Does conscience press that heart of thine,
And guilt most ponderous lay?

Then listen to the words of him,
Whose doctrine is the way;
Who came to save from death and sin,
And learn us how to pray.

"Ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest;
My service is true liberty,
And freedom to th' oppressed."

Transporting joys the angels feel,
Through all the realms above,
To see one humble sinner kneel
Before the God they love.

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Forgiveness flows from his right hand,
Like streams from fountains large;
It makes the guilty upright stand,
And gives a full discharge.

"THERE IS A GOD, ALL NATURE CRIES ALOUD."

The morning dawn, the noon-day blaze,
The setting sun's soft farewell rays,
With eloquence divine,
Instruct the contemplative mind,
And point to pages where we find
A God in every line.

The moon, whose paler, softer beam
Is on the peaceful waters seen,
Divinity proclaims;
While her reflected beauty bright,
That cheers the gloom of silent night,
This truth divine maintains.

Those lamps on high, beyond the sun,
Beyond where rolling planets run,
This solemn truth declare,

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In language all can understand;
And so do air, and sea, and land,
This testimony bear.

The flowery lawns, the fruitful fields,
The vine which cheering nectar yields,
Confirm this truth to me;
And every creature here on earth,
To which the elements give birth,
Proclaim the Deity.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Sweet are the summer flowers,
Bright with morning dew;
Or washed in balmy showers,
Their fragrance to renew.

With all their varied shades,
Blended by art divine,
In gardens or in glades,
With splendid beauty shine.

Virtue far is sweeter
Found in a maiden's breast;

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Shining in each feature,
And in her look expressed.

When flowers sweet shall fade,
And all their beauties die,
The amaranthine maid
Blooms in an upper sky.

LINES

Written on reading, in a Rhode Island paper, the death of Hon. Olney Ballou, of Cumberland, R. I.

In grief and sorrow low I bow
To the bereaving hand divine,
Which hath from earth and time removed
A well beloved friend of mine.

In his vast soul were treasures found
More precious than the most refined
Of gold in Ophir's bowels hid,
And for a nobler use designed.

An intellect as clear and bright
As sunbeams when the noon displays

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The glories of the earth and sea,
And over all things light conveys.

A love of truth and human kind
Dwelt in God's image in the man;
A pure benevolence so large
As could the vast creation span.

Nor are the rocks which ocean bound,
And stay the foaming waves which roll,
More firm than his integrity,
The righteous purpose of his soul.

No partial creed of church or state
Could find acceptance in his heart;
The equal rights of all he prized,
And ever took the weaker's part.

With steady and undaunted eye
He looked oppression in the face;
And, though a host against him rose,
Never forsook or left his place.

When power unrighteous laid on him
Relentless cruelty and wrong,

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It found that firm integrity
Had made its long-tried victim strong.

And as the rising beams of morn
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
So the bright virtues of the man
Put all his enemies to flight.

His active virtues so prevailed,
As justly for him to procure,
In his beloved State, a name,
Which to his honor shall endure.

With his dear family and friends
My sincere heart shall heave a sigh,
And pray for that consoling hope
Of promise in a world on high.

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THE RESURRECTION OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

LUKE VII.

WHAT crowd is that at Nain's gate,
That moves so slowly on the way;
No sprightly music to elate
The jocund swains or virgins gay?

Hark! on the air a sad lament
Comes mournful to our listening ears;
Affliction's bosom finds a vent,
And sorrow sheds a flood of tears.

In sackcloth clad, amidst the crowd,
Low bending, moves a widow lorn;
Her only son, wrapped in a shroud,
Before her slowly moves along.

Compassion's eye has caught the sight;
Compassion's voice the mourner hears;
Sorrow gives place to fond delight,
And joy dries up those falling tears.

The promised Life of man draws near,
The bearers pause and mutely stand;

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For something touched the shrouded bier;
That touch was by the Saviour's hand.

A voice awakes the ear of death!
'T was the command, Young man, arise!
His vitals quick inhale their breath,
And light pours on his opening eyes.

DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

A THEME, worthy of better bards,
Commands my full strong lyre;
And warms my heart, a heart enlarged
With more than mortal fire.

The ways of the Divine I sing,
His mysteries unfold,
And to the understanding bring
Truths worthy to be told.

What here on earth we evil call,
And all which men deplore,
On which their lamentations fall,
Present and heretofore;

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And all the good, so highly prized,
The present and the past,
By the same wisdom was devised
For the same end at last.

When thunders roll and lightnings blaze
And tempests rush amain,
And men and beasts with terror gaze,
On mountain, sea, and plain, —

When all the elements contend,
And war with deadly strife,
Their ragings all on Him depend
Who gives all creatures life.

The world within the human soul,
With every passion there,
Is subject to the same control,
Submissive to its care.

Ambition, lust, and pride may rage,
And war's dread fire may blaze;
Thousands in bloody strife engage,
And shouts of victory raise.

While dying groans fall on our ears,
And fill our hearts with grief,

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While sorrow sheds a flood of tears,
Where shall we seek relief?

In this eternal truth, I sing,
That God's own will is done,
Who good from every ill can bring,
That 's found beneath the sun.

SALVATION.

Behold, in royal splendor,
Jerusalem, thy King!
Thy safeguard, thy defender,
Who doth salvation bring.

Before his sceptre spreading,
Rebellion bows the knee;
While he, the wine-press treading,
Sets captive sinners free.

In Shiloh's holy mountain,
Provisions are in store —
And from a living fountain
Shall flow forevermore

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Life's sweet and limpid waters,
For all the human race,
Who come from distant quarters,
To taste redeeming grace.

The north retains no longer,
The south begins to yield;
The sick and weak grow stronger,
The wounded all are healed.

Let songs of praise and gladness
In all our temples rise,
And banish grief and sadness,
And tears from all our eyes.

PRAYER AND THANKS.

An offering meet. to thee, my God,
My grateful soul would bring;
For all thy mercies great and good,
Thy praise would ever sing.

Humbly I bend before thy throne,
And offer fervent prayer,

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That thou wouldst not this heart disown,
This heart oppressed with care.

Worn down with age, with toil oppressed,
I taste thy goodness still;
And though afflictions wound my breast,
Submit unto thy will.

When those, to fond affection dear,
Are languishing with pain,
O may a husband's, father's prayer,
With thee kind audience gain.

And wilt thou health and ease restore?
For these are thine to give;
Then to thy glory evermore
Will we devoutly live.

Thanks to thy name, O God of love!
Thy smiling face I see!
And health comes gently as a dove,
And whispers peace to me.

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ISAIAH I. 27.

"Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness."

Go, saith the Lord, ye fires of wrath,
That temple blast which sin hath raised;
Bring all her turrets to the earth,
Where sacrifice profane hath blazed.

Her altars are disowned of God,
Her carnal priests high places build;
Their garments, too, are stained with blood,
With violence their hands are filled.

And yet to heaven their hands they raise,
And call upon my holy name;
Up to my throne they dare to gaze,
While truth and grace they still disdain.

Ye, who to Baal's altars kneel,
Shall mourn to see that idol fall;
And in your souls shall anguish feel,
Though loudly on your God ye call.

Go, saith the Lord, my angels, go,
For fire prepare that towering vine!

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Lay all her spreading branches low,
Dash all her bowls of maddening wine.

God, with his judgment, shall redeem
His Zion; and her sons shall shine;
Her daughters in her courts be seen
With righteousness and truth divine.

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MOSES HALL, OF CHARLESTOWN.

How persuasively still, from his silent repose,
He continues to speak to his friends who survive!
And soft are his accents, as the zephyr that blows,
To fill us with comfort and from fear to relieve.

"For your comfort, dear consort, the peace of my mind,
While my strength and my body were wasting away,
Keep in your memory still, and think how resigned
I expected my exit; nor wished I to stay.

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Why mourn then for me, who have recovered my
home,
And so safely arrived at the end of my race?
There is nothing on earth could induce my return,
Or can vie with the triumphs and glory of grace.

And you, my loved children, look ye up to your
God,
And know ye that his goodness forever shall
last;
All your sorrows and trials, intended for good,
Soon shall vanish away, and forever be past.

On your tender children, the bright crown that I
wore,
Whom I often embraced with affection and love,
May bright wisdom descend and remain evermore,
And bring them to these mansions of glory
above.

My kind brethren all, whom I loved in the Lord,
Stand ye fast in the faith, in your liberty stand;
Be faithful to Jesus, and abide by his word,
Though despised by the world, yet the salt of
the land.

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And you who derided, to the truth being blind,
The doctrines of Jesus, by my death you may see
That grace which is boundless, and to sinners
most kind,"
From doubts and from fears the believer can
free.

HUMILITY.

Frail worm am I, of brittle clay,
A feeble insect of a day,
And to the earth confined;
And yet so mean a thing can be
Puffed up with pride and vanity,
Can bluster like the wind!

O! what do angels think of me?
If they, so humble, yet can see
And comprehend my heart;
With what contempt, could they despise,
On me would glance their piercing eyes!
But pity takes my part.

With shame I blush, and well I may,
Before that Power to which I pray,
From whom I cannot hide.

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Before him on my face I fall,
And on his kind compassion call,
To humble all my pride.

My Saviour's meekness would I learn,
His every footstep would discern,
And walk the humble way,
Which shuns the path of sin and strife,
And leads to everlasting life,
To an immortal day.

THE SEASON.

Despairing eyes beheld around
A killing dearth spread o'er the ground,
And the whole heaven brass;
Powder and dust filled all the air,
The sun's broad light was one bright glare,
And pallid was the grass.

A sore lament the fields ran through;
Panting for rain, thirsting for dew,
They cast their robes of green;

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The cattle moaned from vale to vale,
The water from each brook did fail,
No purling rill was seen.

The lilies fair forgot their pride,
And drooping in the meadows died;
The clover lost its hue;
The lovely rose with sorrow sighed,
Its petals withered all, and dried;
So did the violet too.

One lovely form alone was seen,
The garland on her head was green,
Her eye serenely bright;
Her name is FAITH, she stood erect,
Fresh roses all her raiment decked,
Most lovely to the sight.

This holy angel cast her eyes
To heaven's vault, and round the skies,
And lo, the clouds appeared;
The rain in gentle showers distilled,
The water all the valleys filled,
And every garden cheered.

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FATHER of FAITH, accept our praise,
Inspire our hearts, inspire our lays,
Thy goodness to record.
And still may FAITH with us abide,
And in thy law our footsteps guide,
Where lies a rich reward.

GOD IS LOVE.

THROUGH wide creation's vast expanse
The smiles of love appear;
While distant orbs, with twinkling glance,
My drooping spirits cheer.

The morning sun, that wakes the day,
Proclaims that God is love;
His gentle heat, his piercing ray,
Invite my thoughts above.

'T is love that moves his shining car
To noon's majestic height;
And love calls forth each brilliant star
That decorates the night.

And when the moon's mild face appears,
Love crowns the queen of night;

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It every hill and valley cheers
With innocent delight.

When lovely spring, with flowery wreaths,
Comes on young zephyr's wing,
And every bird soft music breathes,
'T is love that makes them sing.

Love breathes in every wind that blows,
And sweetens all the air;
Meanders in each stream that flows,
Inviting pleasures there.

Love blossoms in the forest trees,
And paints each garden flower;
Gives honey to the laboring bees
In every sunny hour.

Love brings the golden harvest in,
And fills her stores with food;
It moves ten thousand tongues to sing
Of UNIVERSAL GOOD.

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SPRING.

Hail, lovely Nymph! whose glad advance
The virgin graces sing;
The lambkins in thy scenery dance;
There 's fowl of every wing.

Fresh garlands deck thy robe of green,
Wove by thy skill so rare;
And flowerets in thy tresses gleam,
Whose odors fill the air.

At thy approach the ice and snow
Dissolve to limpid rills;
And by thy soft attractions flow,
Till every valley fills.

The opening buds confess thy power,
And offer leaves to thee;
Thy blush is seen in every flower,
Thy charms in every tree.

I love to ramble through each field
Where tread thy gentle feet;
And breathe the sweets thy zephyrs yield,
Where all thy beauties meet.

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Come to thy gardens, lovely spring,
And set thy plants and flowers;
To open view their petals bring,
And wash them in thy showers.

AN ADDRESS TO UNIVERSALISM.

Celestial nymph, of heavenly birth!
When first I saw thy form on earth,
I gave to thee my heart;
The gift, though small, thou didst not spurn;
Thy favors I received in turn;
O may we never part!

Before to love I knew thy claims,
I heard thee called forbidding names,
And thought report was true;
One *gracious Anti-nomos* said
That thou, a fiend, from hell hadst fled;
And this he said he knew.

Arminius, too, as much could say,
That Beelzebub, while on his way,
Had conjured thee to life.

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Though foes to one another, they
Against thy life agreed to pray,
And then renewed their strife.

I pondered long on what I heard;
Sometimes I hoped, sometimes I feared;
Yet had not seen thy face;
Some whispers, from thy lips divine,
Fell softly on these ears of mine,
And warmed my heart with grace.

Around I cast my wishful eyes;
On earth I looked, and to the skies,
To find thee here or there;
But blindness did my vision bind,
I strove and strove, but could not find
Thee, everlasting fair.

A touch of thy celestial hand
Took from mine eyes that fatal band,
And then thy form I saw;
As is removed a funeral shroud,
Or as retires a stormy cloud,
Did all my fears withdraw.

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What light and love, what joy and peace,
I felt within my soul increase,
As waters gently rise!
Love was thy banner o'er my head,
Thy dazzling glory round me spread,
And blessed my strengthened eyes.

My heart to thee I gave, and thine
Received in covenant divine,
As wedded hearts are one;
Against thy foes thou didst me arm,
And in thy strength, secure from harm,
To victory I run!

Not all thy foes on earth can say
Can turn my heart from thee away,
And yet my heart is free;
These wounds and scars, which men despise,
Are jewels precious in thine eyes,
And this is all to me.

Had I ten thousand years to live,
Had I ten thousand lives to give,
All these should be thine own;

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And that foul scorn thy foes bestow
Still prove a laurel to my brow,
And their contempt, a throne.

My soul, a flame of love, aspires,
As does my heart, with warm desires,
To live in thine embrace;
Were this whole globe a diamond bright,
I'd give the whole for thy pure light,
For thy far richer grace.

HYMN.

"The earth, O Lord, is full of thy goodness."

Thy goodness fills the earth, O Lord,
It swells the vernal bud,
It travels through the lands abroad,
And rolls along the flood.

In every ray of light it comes,
From distant worlds afar;
It visits earth from yonder suns,
And lives in every star.

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I see it in the foliage green,
It covers hill and vale;
It flows along each limpid stream,
And rides on every gale.

It swells the notes which cheer the grove
With melody and song;
It kindles up the fire of love,
And dwells on every tongue.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

To Him who rules the worlds afar,
To Him who marshals every star,
To Him who spread and dressed the skies,
Let universal praise arise.

Ye finny tribes that cleave the deep,
And sport where fields of coral sleep,
From your vast world of waters raise
To God a hymn of grateful praise.

And ye, who, buoyant on the wing,
From spray to spray, from limb to limb,
Let all your varied notes accord
To hymn the honors of the Lord.

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Ye beasts that roam the forest wild,
With courage fierce, or tempers mild,
Let all your tribes, in various ways,
To Him one general chorus raise.

Ye sons of men, whose reason bright
Is one vast fire of heavenly light,
Awake devotion's sacred flame,
And chant aloud Jehovah's name.

WISDOM.

What gem is that of purest ray,
Which guides the traveller on his way,
And turns the darkness into day;
That will not let his strength decay?

I mean that pearl, by few possessed,
Which ever makes its owner blest;
That gives the heavy-ladened rest,
And comfort yields to sorrow's breast?

That precious stone, whose touch can heal
The deepest sorrows mourners feel,
And unknown things of God reveal,
Yet from the world ourselves conceal?

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That treasure, which neglected lies,
And by the needy is despised,
That gives to blindness angels' eyes,
To mortals life that never dies?

It is that *wisdom* from above,
That 's full of peace, that 's full of love,
And ever harmless as the dove;
O may we all its blessings prove.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW WAY

Wide is the gate and broad the way,
That to destruction lead;
And countless thousands thither stray,
With a resistless speed.

But straight and narrow is the road,
And few the pilgrims there,
Which leads to life, to peace, and God,
Free from distress and care.

Thus, on the mount, did mercy's voice
Instruction kindly breathe,
And won a few to make the choice,
To walk in Christ and live.

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O, stranger, wouldst thou enter here,
And shun destruction's way?
Resist temptation's fatal snare,
And fly without delay.

From others all thou wouldst desire,
To them perform the same;
The law and prophets this require:
For this the Saviour came.

TO A MOURNING MOTHER.

THERE 's pity in a Saviour's breast,
Compassion 's in his eye;
To him, dear madam, fly for rest;
He marks the mourner's sigh.

The sorrows of a broken heart
He never will protest;
But consolation's balm impart,
And give affliction rest.

O fly to him, he 's ever near;
Thy grief he makes his own;
With full assurance then draw near,
And bow before his throne.

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In him you 'll find a calm retreat,
And every blessing share,
While humbly bending at his feet,
Another Mary there.

LINES.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" — Job xiv. 14.

Inspiring truth, thy light convey,
And drive this cloud and mist away;
I roam in darkness here.
The doubtful question solve; that I
May know if soul and body die
When ends life's short career.

If this be true, is man aught more
Than what he was ages before
Kind nature gave him birth?
Or is he more than weeds and flowers,
Warmed by the sun and nursed with showers,
When turned again to earth?

Than angels, man a little lower
Was made; and yet we read he bore
The image of his God.

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In what consists this image bright,
If naught remains when death's dark night
Rolls on his mighty flood?

Are beasts that in our pastures feed,
And for our food are doomed to bleed,
As near to angels, say,
As man, whom God his offspring calls,
On whom his gentlest favor falls?
Shall he like worms decay?

O man, to thee it ne'er was given
To scan the hidden things of heaven.
Herein thy wisdom lies:
That promise, which thy God hath made,
Insures thee life beyond death's shade;
Believe him and be wise.

Thy vast concerns are in his power,
Who watches o'er thee every hour;
In life and death the same.
Then trust in God, and fear no harm;
Thy safety is the Almighty arm;
Thy refuge is his name.

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AN ALARM.

CALVINISM! Calvinism! have you heard of the schism
Common sense and carnal reason are making?
These assuming intruders, these worst of deluders,
Religion's foundations are shaking!

Heresy O! heresy O! carnal reason and Co.,
Are bringing, like a mist o'er the sun!
I give you the hint, some people e'en think,
One and two are two more than one!

Reverend priests! reverend priests! no more of your feasts;
'T is a day for prayer, and for fasting;
Some lambs of your fold, if rightly I 'm told,
Think there 's mercy for ALL everlasting!

O, orthodox! O, orthodox! do you know all the plots,
Your foes, the scriptures and reason, are laying,
Light and truth to spread wide, and you set aside?
Even respect for your name is decaying!

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Pharisees proud! pharisees proud! don't mix
with the crowd;
Stand aloof and disfigure your faces;
More pains you should take to support the mis-
take
That pride and conceit are sanctified graces.

Close communion! close communion! stand fast
to your union;
As from temptation, from charity fly;
Let brotherly love, like Noah's wandering dove,
Ne'er have a spot for her foot meet her eye.

THANKSGIVING.

O PRAISE the Lord, exalt his name,
His mighty acts declare;
His mercy ever is the same,
His goodness crowns the year.

Cold winter's frosty bands he broke,
And sent the vernal showers;
Earth, listening to the word he spoke,
Set forth her buds and flowers.

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At his command, the time of seed
Called labor to the field;
Warm summer suns did then succeed,
A harvest rich to yield.

O that the sons of men would praise
Such wisdom, love, and grace;
To God exalted anthems raise,
And bow before his face.

Now see the burdened cars descend,
From all the country round,
While bounties, from Jehovah's hand,
Through all our streets abound.

Rich favors from the ocean wide
Kind Providence has sent;
Our every want is well supplied
With plenty and content.

Fair science, with increasing light,
Dispels our mental gloom,
And, lifting up the clouds of night,
Pours in a brilliant noon.

Our churches, thronged with every age,
Who grace divine approve,

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In the delightful work engage
To chant a Saviour's love.

Her watchmen on fair Zion stand,
Glad tidings to proclaim,
And spread salvation through the land,
In our Immanuel's name.

O that the sons of men would praise
The God of boundless grace,
His honor in their anthems raise,
And bow before his face.

GOD IS LOVE.

That God, who made the sun and moon
Is love, unchanging love;
That God, who gives us night and noon,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who made the mighty seas,
Is love, unchanging love;
And bound them fast by his decrees,
Is everlasting love.

Digitized by Google

That God, who made the mountains high,
Is love, unchanging love;
Who filled with stars the azure sky,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who made the rivers flow,
Is love, unchanging love;
Who fills with fruits the valleys low,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who spread creation wide,
Is love, unchanging love;
Who rules the ocean and the tide,
Is everlasting love.

That God, who did us all create,
Is love, unchanging love;
Who never can his creatures hate,
Is everlasting love.

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"MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD."

This was written in reference to what a clergyman of Boston published, to induce our legislature, which was then in session, to compel people to support religion.

Ye counsellors, reverend and wise,
May one so humble you advise,
On pure religion's cause?
Then from our text at once you learn,
It leans not on the civil arm,
Nor rests on human laws.

The gospel of God's grace and love
Flows like a river from above,
In wisdom's current free.
Mark well, no human laws we know
E'er taught the rivers where to flow,
Or how to find the sea.

Religion, like the sun's broad light,
Dispels our darkness and our night,
And gives celestial day.
Can human laws control the sun,
Direct the golden orb to run
Where legislators say?

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As rain and snow from heaven fall,
A blessing sure to great and small,
So is God's faithful word.
Can legislation form one shower,
And through the skies extend its power?
The thought is most absurd.

Like dew, that falls from heaven by night,
Invisible to mortal sight,
Religion comes to man.
When legislators make the dew,
And every night can it renew,
They 'll help the gospel plan.

As free as air, or wind that blows,
Whose destination no one knows,
Are souls born from above.
Can legislators change the wind?
Then may their laws convert the mind,
And fill the soul with love.

To Zion the sweet prophet said,
As manly youth pure virgins wed,
Thy sons shall marry thee.

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Must then a man by law be drove
To marry one he cannot love?
Sure this would bondage be.

Those who in Christ salvation find,
Receive him a physician kind,
Their sickness all to heal.
Must then coercive law compel
The sick to find the healing skill,
And love of health to feel?

Ye reverend priests, how oft you 've said
That Jesus is the living bread,
For men to eat and live.
Must then the force of law control
A fainting, hungry, starving soul,
To eat the bread you give?

But if you preach what cost you dear,
And you must have so much a year
For what no man can eat;
Then law religion may be wise,
Supporting priestcraft in disguise;
But oh, the hateful cheat!

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IMPARTIAL GOODNESS.

THE sun's enlivening beams unveil
Our heavenly Father's face,
And testify, as they prevail,
His rich, impartial grace.

The fig-tree, olive, nor the vine,
No more his rays can claim,
Than noisome weeds, on which they shine
With an impartial flame.

Ye bigots, think on this, and say,
Why God should not confine
The sun's blest power, and every ray,
To some *elected* vine?

See yonder thistle's towering head,
As wet with morning dew
As favorite flowers in the bed
Where nursed by care and you.

Say, why should not the hand that throws
Abroad the precious dew
Confine this favor (well he knows)
To your elected few?

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Behold the rain, whose genial powers
The grass and corn revive,
Impartial falls, in gentle showers,
On thorns, and makes them thrive.

Why should the Father of the rain,
With such impartial hand,
On every mountain, hill, and plain,
Such gracious tokens send?

Why not, like you, his love divine,
To some *elected* place,
With *wise* precaution there confine
The fulness of his grace?

MEEKNESS.

When chill November's frosty breath
Lays vegetation low in death,
The lofty flowers of various dye
No more salute the wandering eye.

Yet in this season I have seen
The lowly violet in green,
I 've seen its lovely blossoms glow
Beneath a drifted fleece of snow.

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A useful lesson here I learn,
Which many seem not to discern, —
Though meekness courts not vulgar eyes,
It lives when pride and folly dies.

O may I, like this humble flower,
In meekness lie, nor try to tower;
When all vain glory sinks and dies,
Be lovely in my Maker's eyes.

CHRIST THE LIGHT AND LIFE OF THE WORLD.

Behold the light! now see it rise!
How fast it spreads! fills earth and skies;
While night and darkness flee apace,
Before the Saviour's day of grace.

The sun's bright beam shall now expire
In brighter rays and warmer fire;
Nature, regenerate and pure,
Shall rise to glory and endure.

No winter shall these climes annoy,
No chilling blasts young buds destroy;

Digitized by Google

The tree of life its fruit shall yield,
And dying man of death be healed.

Seraphic raptures swell the theme,
And joys bewilder like a dream;
Then wait, my soul, the perfect day,
Yet walk the bright, the shining way.

HYMN.

Thy presence, Lord, gives pure delight,
Our sorrows takes away,
Dispels the darkness of our night,
And spreads effulgent day.

Like water to the thirsty soul
Are flowings of thy love,
Thy spirit sways with soft control,
And bears our thoughts above.

Why should we then decline from thee?
In search of folly rove?
Or strive to set our passions free
From the soft bands of love?

Digitized by Google

Extend around thy loving arms,
Enfold us in thy breast,
Where, captives to resistless charms,
Our wavering souls may rest.

Raise in our breasts a quickening zeal,
That faith which works by love;
And to our strengthened eyes reveal
Our life in Christ above.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Ye meek, advance; ye lowly, come,
Prepare a joyful song,
And bear the wonders God has done
On every thankful tongue.

Glad tidings came on angel's wings,
Meek shepherds heard the news;
This day is born the King of kings,
Messiah of the Jews.

This is the Son which God hath given,
To save our sinful race,
To guide our wandering feet to heaven,
By his redeeming grace.

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If angels, on the happy day
Salvation's King was born,
God's glory sang in lofty lay,
And peace to man forlorn;

O then, let every thankful heart
A grateful tribute bring,
With hosts of angels bear a part,
And joyful anthems sing.

To bind the wounded, broken heart,
And heal the soul of sin,
And to the dying life impart,
Did Christ salvation bring.

Through darkest clouds of sorrow's night
The Saviour's grace is seen,
And rays of mercy, quick and bright,
On guilty sinners gleam.

Come, sing his grace with rapture's flame,
And all his love record;
In everlasting songs proclaim
Salvation of the Lord.

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THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE, JANUARY 1, 1821.

Once more, kind friends, the salutation hear
Of one, who wishes all true happiness this year;
With pure affection, fondly hopes that you
The past, with its events, with pleasure view.
Your debts all paid, and dues collected in,
Your time well spent, your conscience free from sin.

Since last your servant had the pleasing task,
By such address, your favor kind to ask,
Kind Providence its riches has displayed,
To man and beast its favors choice conveyed.
What vernal suns and zephyrs soft could do,
What summer's heat and the distilling dew,
What rains and showers, scarce a lack was known,
The seed came forth, by hand of labor sown;
The meadows, fields, and pastures, dressed in green,
Were by the eye of expectation seen,

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Till yellow autumn, bending with her store,
To labor gave a recompense, and more.
Well you remember virgin May and June,
When fragrance filled the air from trees in bloom;
Nor have forgot the richer season, when
The fruit so rare from country towns came in;
When crimson cherries, and the peach of gold,
And melons fair, were in our markets sold;
When you rejoiced to feast your children dear,
Those sweet delights, your pleasure and your care.

The rights of freemen you have all enjoyed,
And as you would your precious time employed;
No humble vassals to a tyrant's throne,
The fruit of all your labor is your own.
Beneath a government so wise, so mild,
The arts have flourished, and fair science smiled;
Your schools and colleges produce a race
As wise as Solon, the famed son of Greece.

Religion, free and pure, a heaven on earth,
To joys celestial in the soul gives birth,
When in the closet, or the house of God,
Sweet streams of mercy flow through Jesus' blood;

Digitized by Google

While charity abounds and union grows,
And love unfeigned to every creature flows.

Would you the future of the year look through,
Of your concerns anticipate a view?
Sure my best wishes shall the whole attend,
And look to Heaven to be your guide and friend.
Let cautious prudence your companion be,
From feuds and broils let every one be free;
Of debts but few contract, and those but small,
In season due take care to pay them all.
Of time, so precious, waste ye not a day,
And of your earnings squander none away.
See that your children follow virtue's rules,
Nor suffer them to stray, with fops and fools,
From night to night, where vice with folly reigns,
And dissipation an ascendance gains.
Your households all, the rules of prudence learn,
And how to save, as well as how to earn.
These virtues, of themselves, rich blessings are,
And never fail of Heaven's smiles and care.

The Magazine still lives and travels far,
And if not bright, a steady, ruling star;

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Its mild attractions, and its gleaming light,
Are felt and seen through superstition's night;
Imaginary hells have fled away,
For devils cannot live in open day.
One number, from his dark abode of sin,
*Old Nick** returned, and with a spiteful grin,
With horror's menace, and with dreadful roar,
Groaned deep with pain, and said he 'd have no more!
But those who love the truth, and take delight
In that which tends to make its beauty bright,
With joy its columns read, quite pleased to find
That God and Christ are friends to all mankind.
Let this great principle of love be taught,
Till superstition's fabric comes to nought;
Till partial creeds, like mists, have fled away,
And truth and peace bear universal sway.

* See Magazine of April 18, 1820, p. 163.

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THE ORTHODOX'S ADDRESS TO SAINT PAUL.

Thou saint in heaven, enrobed in white,
Thy soul all love, thy mind all light,
No glass obstructs thy visual beam,
God's counsels deep by thee are seen.
Couldst thou be here with us below,
And teach us all which thou dost know,
Thy ministry on earth retrace,
And mend each error of thy race;
With angel's mind and seraph's speed,
Couldst thou thy long epistles read,
With pen oblivious erase,
And truth insert in error's place,
Where would amendment first begin?
Where "grace abounds much more than sin?"
Was this an error of thy mind,
Or slip to which thy pen inclined?
Well, this erased — what fills its place?
O! "sin abounds much more than grace."
Well mended this; but what comes next?
A worse, a more perplexing text;
"Therefore, as by offence of one,
Damnation on all men has come,

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By righteousness of one, indeed,
Are all from condemnation freed."
With ink profuse these lines erase,
Put something better in their place.
"For one offence the judgment fell,
And all men doomed to endless hell;
By righteousness of one who died,
A few are freely justified."
This makes it clear, but strange to find
To error oft thy pen inclined;
Much buffeted by some foul fiend,
Too often wrote what thou must mend.
"God hath his will to us made plain,
That he to Christ all things will gain,
All things in heaven and earth as one,
Shall gathered be in Christ his Son."
Strange error this; for were it so,
Sure none would suffer endless woe.
Then strike it out, the vacance fill
With what will doom mankind to hell.
But here again, thy pen, unwise,
Our orthodoxy sound denies;
"God hath exalted high his Son,
To reign forever on his throne,

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That in his name all knees shall bow,
And tongues confess the loyal vow;
In heaven, on, or under earth,
All creatures God has given birth
A willing worship long shall pay,
And live an everlasting day," —
Erase the whole; such things as these
Our heretics do greatly please.

Hadst thou believed all human kind
At last the Saviour's grace would find,
Couldst thou have plainer wrote than here
Thou hast? Couldst thou have been more
clear?
"It pleaséd God, the Father, well,
All fulness in his Son should dwell;
And having peace made by his cross,
To reconcile, from sin and dross,
Unto himself all things in heaven
And earth; for all to Christ were given."
All this strike out; supply its place
With what will limit saving grace.
'T is all in vain! for here are more
As wrong as those we 've seen before.

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"God will have all men saved, and know
The truth, and grace he does bestow;
Jesus himself a ransom gave
For all mankind, that they might live."
Ah, blessed saint, we 've cause to fear
Thy mind on earth was not so clear
As now in bliss; where thou must know
Millions to endless misery go;
Where all your blissful pleasures rise
From flames of hell which light your skies.
But here on earth the saints complain
That you should write so much in vain.
Nay worse; for heretics depend
On you, their doctrine to defend.

PRAISE.

May all our powers of mind
To God, our Father kind,
An anthem raise;
Whose cloud of glory bright,
With beams of heavenly light,
Dispels the gloom of night;
O sing his praise!

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The God of truth and grace
Unveils his radiant face,
And breaks the power
Of superstition's chain;
His grace shall ever reign,
And righteousness maintain,
While we adore.

As the blest morning ray
Drives darkness far away,
Behold his love
Our night of sin illumes,
Our hatred all consumes,
Each heart with grace perfumes,
In courts above.

All creatures shall combine
To sing this grace divine,
And sound his fame,
Who saves the world from sin,
And righteousness brings in.
O let us now begin
To praise his name!

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YOUTH.

What is it like? 't is like a flower,
That opens to the morning sun,
That 's lovely to the eye an hour,
When lo! its blushing beauty 's gone.

'T is like a dream, when fancy reigns,
And spreads her airy mantle round,
Imagination rules the brains,
And judgment lies in sleep profound.

'T is like a fragile bark when tossed,
High bounding o'er the restless wave,
That 's in a moment wrecked, and lost
Forever in a watery grave.

'T is like the spring when verdure yields
A pleasing prospect to the eye,
When vestments through a thousand fields
Lose, by summer suns, their dye.

'T is like the infant ice laid o'er
The peaceful bosom of the lake,
Where boys, adventurous from the shore,
Their sudden, woful exit make.

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'T is like a faithless promise's lure,
Which prospects paints to fancy's eye,
And renders disappointment sure,
Which leaves the lamp of hope to die.

'T is like the falling snow, you 've seen
Descending from its frozen store,
When, driven on the running stream,
It disappears, is seen no more.

'T is like those varying colors bright,
Reflected from an evening cloud,
Which, fading at the approach of night,
Are mantled in a murky shroud.

UNIVERSAL GOODNESS.

Through all creation God is seen,
On mountains high, in valleys green;
The waving forests speak his praise,
Made vocal with a thousand lays;
While every shrub and every flower
Displays the goodness of his power.
At yonder sun with wonder gaze;
'T is God who gives him all his rays,

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And sends his powerful influence round
To bless the world's remotest bound.
A milder ray and softer light
He gives the moon to cheer the night;
While distant globes, through all the sky,
Harmonious speak his praises high.
The brooks and rivers, as they flow,
From mountains high, through valleys low,
Rich blessings from his bounty bring,
Which make the laughing meadows sing.
Down pours the rain from clouds on high,
Those clouds which darken all the sky;
The springing grass, the waving corn,
And blushing flowers, the fields adorn.
My soul, unto thy Maker raise
A grateful song, in solemn lays;
His goodness through creation view,
And every day his praise renew.

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AN ADDRESS TO ORTHODOXY.

You say, before the world began,
God's first decree respecting man
Doomed more than half to endless woe;
And then you say, that this decree
Left every man an agent free,
For bliss above, or flames below.

Now, to be saved, all that we need
Is to believe what God decreed,
And feel submissive to our fate;
A willingness to go to hell
A title gives in heaven to dwell,
In that most perfect, happy state.

Well, be it so; it still remains
That we present our simple claims
That you this creed would now defend;
To us, be sure, 't is dark indeed,
Our future state should be decreed,
And yet on what we do, depend.

'T is difficult for us to know
How those, whom God decreed for woe,
By faith in *hell* should heaven gain.

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Could all mankind be saved, if they
Were willing to be damned? now say,
And try this problem to explain.

Smooth down that brow, — we 've more to say;
With circumspection would we pray
How you this knowledge did obtain?
We 've searched the Scriptures through, but find
No testimony of this kind;
But the reverse from them we gain

God will have all men saved, we read;
You say, he more than half decreed
To death, and everlasting pain.
You cross yourself, and, what is worse,
In room of grace hold up a curse,
And death and hell's eternal reign.

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THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

And why do Christians thus contend
For items in their creeds?
An enemy, and not a friend,
Sows these contentious seeds.

'T was love to God and love to man,
The dear Redeemer brought;
No metaphysic doctrine can
Compare with what he taught.

Why do we judge each other so?
This judging genders strife;
It is enough our Lord to know,
And feel his heavenly life.

What if my brother disagrees
With me in certain things;
Yet strives by works of love to please,
And fruit abundant brings?

Shall I disown a brother dear,
For whom my Saviour died?
Can I be filled with gospel fear,
And walk in all this pride?

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O may we learn to walk in love,
In charity abound;
Possess those tempers of the dove,
Which rather heal than wound.

HYMN.

Lord, may thy humble servants here
Thy words regard with watchful care
And with affection strong;
May no false charm cause us to stray
From wisdom's straight and narrow way,
Forbidden paths among.

While we recount thy favors o'er,
And contemplate that boundless store
Whence all our comforts flow,
May gratitude to thee arise,
While every sin within us dies,
And each internal foe.

Washed by thy word of truth from sin,
May purity be found within
These hearts which sin beguiled;

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And O! thou kindest Friend above,
Preserve us by thy constant love
From that which has defiled.

Through all our future days may we
With circumspection worship thee
In spirit and in truth;
And when decaying nature dies,
Grant us a mansion in the skies,
To bloom in endless youth.

CALL TO TRUE LIBERTY.

Ye heavy ladened, come, repose,
Forsake your burden and your woes,
And enter into rest;
In error's night why will you roam,
Like wanderers lost and far from home?
To grace you 're welcome guests.

Why longer will you peace refuse,
Sin's servitude and bondage choose,
In room of liberty?

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Hark! hear the voice of Jesus cry,
To me, ye weary souls, draw nigh,
My grace shall set you free.

Vain, haughty souls, my meekness learn;
Humility shall soon disarm
The tyrant of the heart;
From burdens give a full discharge,
From bondage shall the soul enlarge,
And peace divine impart.

Burdens are light imposed by me;
My service is true liberty;
Freedom my laws require;
Come, then, my easy yoke receive,
My laws obey, my grace believe;
The fulness of desire.

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HYMN.

"As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

In God's eternity
Shall there a day arise,
When all that 's born of men shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

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NATIONAL JUBILEE.

In lofty strains to day we 'll raise
To our Deliverer songs of praise,
Who gave our nation birth;
'Mid noise of war and strife of arms,
When terror spread his dire alarms,
Which shook the troubled earth;

Who condescended from his throne
To listen to oppression's groan,
And frowned on freedom's foe;
Who, in the hollow of his hand,
Preserved fair freedom's hero band,
That laid the tyrant low.

Firm as a rock, 'mid ocean's waves,
Our freedom stands, nor trembling, braves
Those shocks her fall conspire;
Her million sons her banners spread,
To guard her young, her towering head,
With patriotic fire!

Free as our thousand rivers flow,
Our rising sons no bondage know,
Illumed by science's ray,

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In wisdom make those equal laws
A firm support to freedom's cause,
Which rule with gentle sway.

Bright as the sun which rules the day,
Fair Freedom's realm shall send a ray
To every distant shore;
Till all the nations of the earth
Come forth to heavenly freedom's birth,
And tyrants know no more.

And may thy truth, O God of grace,
Redeem from sin the human race,
And righteousness increase;
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Far as the ruling planets run,
In everlasting peace.

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THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON'S LINES ON "RUTH," IN THE ROSE OF SHARON FOR 1842.

When that strain began to flow,
When that fire began to glow,
Fondly I desired to know
Whereto that minstrel would go.

In the distance, there my eyes
See a barley field arise,
Ripe beneath the sunny skies,
Where the reaper's sickle plies.

Here brown labor finds its gain
In the sheaf of golden grain;
Beauty gleaning in the train
Of each hardy, youthful swain.

'Mong the blushing maidens fair,
Gleans the modest Ruth with care,
While her kinsman meets her there,
Shows her favors rich and rare.

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Now the strains prophetic grow;
An illustrious progeny show;
Diadems with lustre glow,
Splendor on fair Salem throw.

Poets, too, with sacred fire,
String and tune a deathless lyre;
Hymns seraphic, rising higher,
Fill my longing soul's desire.

Now the Prince of Peace appears;
Mourners wipe away their tears;
Mortals lose their boding fears
As salvation swiftly nears.

Singer, never cease to sing;
Strains like thine sweet comforts bring;
Summer, autumn, winter, spring,
Singer, never cease to sing.

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"FOR A BLESSING IS IN IT."

ISAIAH lxv. 8.

HATH conscience told thee, brother man,
That wrong hath been thy doing;
And that thou 'lt find destruction in
The path thou art pursuing?

And hath repentance been proposed,
And an entire forsaking
Of every sinful purpose formed?
Come, then, be undertaking

So good a work. For conscience sake,
Delay the thing no longer;
The holy resolution take
Before thy bonds grow stronger.

Thus saith the Lord, Return to me;
Return, and be forgiven;
For though thou art of earth most vile,
And I the God of heaven,—

My mercy thou shalt find most free,
And pardon overflowing;

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My love is broader than the sea,
And ever is unfolding.

This work, I tell thee, brother man,
Delay not to begin it;
And when thou hast this duty done,
A blessing will be in it.

DIVINE GOODNESS.

Wherever visit the rays of the sun,
Rich treasures of goodness attend them;
And all the brooks and rivers that run
Both widely convey and defend them.

Wherever flow the tides of the sea
Are favors abundantly given;
And all mankind, whether bond or free,
Enjoy the rich blessings of Heaven.

Wherever blows a wind or a breeze,
Rich mercies are widely extended;
In flowery grass and waving trees
Both beauty and favor are blended.

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Wherever we go, by sea or land,
The mercies of Heaven sustain us;
If terrors arise, and threatening stand,
The arm that 's Almighty defends us.

And every precious moment of time
Bears witness to goodness unfailing,
Which, as we are taught by hope divine,
Shall remain forever prevailing.

A CHARITY HYMN.

Come, taste the fruits which kindness yields;
A bliss so rich, so rare;
No spices of Arabian fields
So well repay your care.

Come, grant to suffering need a part
Of your abundant store,
And pour a balsam in the heart
Of the distressed and poor.

Where cold and hunger both distress
The cheerless child of want,

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There Charity delights to bless,
And joys relief to grant.

Where modest worth in sorrow bleeds,
And tastes her woes alone,
Go, Charity, see what she needs,
And kindly grant the boon.

So shall our heavenly Father's love
Its sweetest fruits impart,
Each deed of charity approve,
And bless each liberal heart.

TEARS OF A MOTHER.

The following lines were prompted by the tears which I saw a mother shed for the loss of her son in a storm at sea.

The Father of our spirits rode
Amidst that dire commotion,
When stormy winds and troubled flood
Raised fearful expectation;

And when all hope of life had fled,
When strength and hearts had yielded,

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He made the waves a peaceful bed,
For now His mercy shielded.

Where stormy winds can rage no more,
With angry waves combining,
His peaceful soul shall there explore
Bright sunshine ever smiling.

From his full cup could he impart
One drop of sacred pleasure,
Eased of its pain, thy peaceful heart
Would store the golden treasure.

Or could you know the last adieu,
When sinking in the ocean,
The dying son addressed to you,
And taste his pure devotion;

Those tears of grief should soon give place
To those of gratulation;
And sorrow's heart should drink the peace
Of sweetest consolation.

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ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Arise, and hail the Jubilee,
The day that set our nation free;
In songs His honor chant, who gave
Counsel and victory to the brave.

That haughty power, which dared invade
Our independence, God has made
Submissive to our rights; while we
Maintain our laws and liberty.

He, who crushed proud Pharaoh's band,
Again has triumphed in our land;
The arm which did the sea divide,
Restrained for us a tyrant's pride.

Let joy, throughout our land, inspire
Each manly heart with holy fire;
And freedom's song, by Miriam sung,
Be heard from every female tongue.

Ye daughters fair, fresh garlands weave;
With chaplets strew the warrior's grave;
So from the mouldering sod shall rise
Fame's sweetest incense to the skies.

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Fifty bright summer suns have smiled,
And fifty harvest moons beguiled
Childhood and youth, since vernal showers
First moistened freedom's lovely flowers.

Across the sea, to other climes,
Thy fame, America, extends;
And soon may Greece thy triumphs share,
And freedom's brightest laurels wear.

Peru's bold sons have heard thy fame,
And Mexico has caught the flame;
From north to south the land is free,
And man enjoys a Jubilee.

SUPPLICATION.

MAKER of worlds, thy works declare
Thy wisdom and thy power;
Sustained by thy protecting care,
Do thee all worlds adore.

Through vast infinitude extends
Thy wise, resistless sway;
And on that goodness all depends,
Which never knows decay.

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FATHER of man, thy child inspire
To know the One Supreme;
And satisfy the vast desire
Which from thy spirit came.

From error's dreams of wild affright
Despairing minds redeem;
And, by thy everlasting light,
May truth divine be seen.

Unveil thy lovely face, that we,
Who here despairing mourn,
May catch a glimpse, O God, of thee,
And to thy love return.

Plant in our hearts that holy seed,
And bless the shoot divine,
Whose fruit the hungry soul shall feed,
And yield a generous wine.

Then every power by us possessed,
Submissive to thy will,
Shall, by thy favor, Lord, be blessed,
And in thy spirit dwell.

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PENITENCE.

Not to thy throne I raise my eyes,
Nor there stretch forth my hand;
But, with these guilty tears and sighs,
Low in the dust I bend.

My smitten breast, with sorrow's throe,
Compels my tongue in prayer;
On me, a sinner, Lord, bestow
Thy mercy's tender care.

No rites performed, nor sacrifice,
Before thee, Lord, I plead;
A broken heart and weeping eyes
The favors ask I need.

And thou canst see what lurks within
This vile, deceptive heart;
And with the antidote of sin
The virus bid depart.

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THE DYING PENITENT.

My sunny days of youth are past;
I 've sinned their hours away;
On all my hopes has come a blast,
And filled me with dismay.

The wise advice, and counsels grave,
By kindest parents given,
From ways of vice a son to save,
With me have vainly striven.

O could I have those hours again!
But that can never be;
I would not waste them thus in sin,
But from it strive to flee.

Say, you who love the ways of truth
Who taste a Saviour's grace,
Can he regard so vile a youth
With favor in his face?

If tears which sinful Mary shed
Were jewels in his eyes,
Those flowing forth on this sick bed
Will he, think you, despise?

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You who can pray, O pray for one
Whose dying hour is near;
That, while the sands of life may run,
Salvation may appear.

THE GOSPEL COVENANT FULFILLED.

To sing the covenant of our God,
Let joyful voices join;
His truth from ages past hath stood,
An everlasting sign.

The promised grace, confirmed by oath,
Was in Messiah given,
That all the nations of the earth,
And kindreds under heaven,

Should in the great Redeemer find,
A sure and lasting rest;
And that the fulness of mankind
Should be forever blest.

In louder strains let God be praised,
Who hath fulfilled his word,

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In him whom from the dead he raised,
Our Saviour and our Lord.

Let faith, with strengthened eyes, behold
A blest reversion sure;
And with transporting joy lay hold,
And steadfastly endure.

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—JESUS.

When fortune adverse gathers round,
And dreary prospects rise;
May, by this fainting heart, be found
That peace thy love supplies.

Should raging elements of strife
In wild confusion rise,
And overwhelm the joys of life,
Yet may my steadfast eyes

Look far beyond all mortal woe,
To that unclouded sphere,
Where peaceful rivers gently flow,
Without one falling tear.

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Of friends bereft, a child of scorn,
Reproach attendant too,
I shall not mourn myself forlorn,
Finding thy promise true.

Disease may waste my vital powers,
And earthly comforts flee;
Yet I am blest, if still endures
That peace I find in thee.

PRAYER FOR DIVINE ASSISTANCE.

My crimes, dear Saviour, pain me still,
Guilt hovers round my heart;
Physician kind, thy word fulfil,
And bid these pains depart.

Still deeper probe these rank'rous wounds:
The poison lurks within;
The virus through the soul abounds,
The venom of my sin.

Rebellious flesh its pride sustains,
And carnal mind prevails;
A will perverse its hold maintains,
And oft my courage fails.

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Lend, lend thy aid; and give to faith
A conquering sword to wield;
Nor e'er return it to the sheath
Till mercy wins the field.

Then, all resigned to thee, this heart
Shall witness forth thy grace;
And sin, with every poison dart,
Retire before thy face.

So shall I live to thee, my Lord,
And feast upon thy love;
Still, guided by thy holy word,
Shall reach thy courts above.

SORROWING FOR MENTAL DARKNESS.

O TRUTH divine! how sad the gloom
Thy absence brings on me!
In pensive solitude I mourn,
Till thy return I see.

On willows long my harp has hung,
Sweet sounds have died away,

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And all around is darkness flung,
That fills me with dismay.

The dove, that mourns her absent mate,
And flies from spray to spray;
Reminds me of my hapless state,
When thou art far away.

Have wicked thoughts caused thy remove,
And hid thy smiling face?
Then, O return! these thoughts reprove
By thy resistless grace.

How can this heart endure the pain
Which thou hast left behind?
Return, O truth, and smile again
On this deserted mind.

Yes, kindly come, thy light impart,
And chase this gloom away;
Purge every recess of my heart,
And guide me in thy way.

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THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE, JANUARY 1, 1826.

I HEARTILY wish you a happy New Year,
Kind patrons, with health and abundance of cheer:
Superstition, 't is true, may scowl up her face,
And say, if you 're happy, you 're void of all grace!
But wisdom, as old as the Bible, will prove
The sinner forgiven is cheerful in love!*

The year that is gone was propitious and kind;
Health, peace, and abundance have all been combined;
The fruits of the summer and autumn were good,
And call on us all to be grateful to God.

But some of you mourn the sweet friends who have gone,
And left your fair dwellings no more to return;
But why should we sorrow for those who are blest,
Whose troubles are over, whose souls are at rest?

May the year that is coming with goodness abound;
With health, peace, and plenty, its seasons be crowned;

* Matt. ix. 2.

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The seas and the rivers all gratefully flow,
Your riches to bring with each wind that shall blow.

The paper I bring you still lives to contend
For faith once delivered, and it to defend;
No weapons of wrath in its arsenals found,
But arrows of truth which its foes deeply wound,
Causing error to yield, as night to the day;
Truth and Peace take the field, and strife dies away.

Of harlots the mother, her doxies still try
To freshen her beauty; nor seldom do lie
To make out the story of devil and hell;
That millions and millions forever must dwell
In woful despair of all that is good,
To the joy of the saints and the glory of God.

Such joy and such glory black demons might love,
Were such in existence, below or above;
But angels in heaven rejoice when they know
That grace is extended to sinners below.

Like the dove scarcely fledged, when tender and young,
The Magazine stood all the vultures among;

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The lightning of wrath flashed forth from their
eyes,
And death with its terrors was heard in their
cries.

The prey was so small and their talons so large,
The hope was but faint the young dove to dis-
charge;
But the vulturous birds fed one on the other,
While the dove gained her wings all covered with
feather.

As an omen of peace she flits in the air;
On the pinions of hope she drives off despair;
Delighting in nothing but that which is good,
She nurses her young on the altar of God.

In the north and the south, the east and the west,
The regions of darkness with lights are now blest;
The voice of the turtle is heard through the land,
And laborers faithful are joined hand in hand;
As reapers, go forth to the harvest of truth,
And honor the Saviour with dews of his youth.*

* Psalm cx. 3.

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HYMN.

VARIOUS systems men have formed,
In days of old, and modern times;
Religion by their arts adorned,
In many lands and many climes.

Turn ye the page of history o'er;
Learn all the wisdom of the world;
Their present creeds, and those before,
Are all in endless error hurled.

To bound the God of boundless grace
Has been the aim of *Pharisees;*
Arm God against the human race,
Measure and fix his firm decrees.

Mad millions, in a proud pretence
Of holy worship, heavenly zeal,
Their neighbors burned in its defence;
Nor for their sufferings could they feel.

In gods of vile, despotic reign,
Vile kings and despots would believe;
Who could delight in *endless* pain,
Nor feel compassion to relieve.

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Thus cruel kings and priests were joined,
And formed the awful league abhorred;
With edicts chained the human mind,
And shut the kingdom of the Lord.

But, thanks to God! our eyes behold
A light far brighter than the sun;
A day the prophets long foretold,
Of which the ancient poets sung.

His boundless grace doth God reveal
In *Christ*, the *Head* of every man;
His grace shall all the nations heal;
This is the gospel's glorious plan.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—MATT. vi. 33.

OF all the objects men pursue,
One far above the rest is prized—
More worthy is, in wisdom's view,
Than all the earth or world beside.

And this, before all other things,
Is recommended to our care;

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Because this vast attainment brings
All other blessings, rich and rare.

Nor is this treasure placed so high,
The learned only it can find;
It is to all conditions nigh,
The rich, the poor, the unrefined.

To Heaven's power and righteousness,
Whoever, humbly, is resigned,
Doth in his treasures vast possess
All that hath power to bless mankind.

SABBATH MORNING.

My soul, is this a Sabbath morn?
The day on which from death was born
The Saviour of mankind?
Like Mary, early as the dawn,
My heart shall seek him who was born
From death. O may I find!

His gracious voice shall cheer my heart,
His love a balsam shall impart
To every wound I feel;

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His word is light, 't is grace and peace;
O may it through the day increase,
And hidden things reveal!

May millions, on this happy day,
Rejoice in Him who is the way,
Who is the truth and life;
And may the great salvation shine,
Through Jesus, who is all divine,
The end of sin and strife.

O shall we, on this joyful day,
Slumber the precious morn away,
Nor think of Him who rose;
Who found the way from death to heaven,
Eternal life to man hath given,
And joys which never close?

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THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Why did the Lord of light and life
Sojourn in this dark world of sin,
Where earthly wisdom, wrath, and strife,
Aimed all their deadly shafts at him?

Why should the innocent and pure
His bosom bare to malice vile,
And dying agonies endure,
While mocked by scoffers full of guile?

'T was so ordained by love divine,
That there might be on earth a light;
A Sun of Righteousness to shine,
Where all was darkness, all was night;

That nations, which in darkness lay,
Thereby deliverance might find;
And walk in wisdom's heavenly way,
From the vile dross of sin refined.

How gloomy would this world now be,
Should that bright, glorious star remove,
And pagan darkness, like a sea,
O'er all the earth victorious prove!

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O may this star forever shine,
And people everywhere behold
Its fadeless brightness, all divine,
Whose blessings never can be told.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Let all the powers of music join —
In one exalted chorus raise
Loud anthems to the theme divine,
And fill all heaven and earth with praise.

To us is born a Son to reign
High on a throne of grace divine,
And universal empire gain,
Through every land and every clime.

The banners of his grace, unfurled,
Shall lead to victory and peace;
Shall raise from death a sinking world;
Nor shall his spreading glory cease.

A flood of light his path illumes,
And enters every dark recess;

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An all-devouring flame consumes,
And makes each foe his power confess.

In council wonderful and wise,
All human wisdom shall confound;
While death itself before him dies,
And life, and joy, and peace abound.

An everlasting Father kind,
The world shall own his matchless grace,
And every child of sorrow find
The favor of his radiant face.

A mighty God, the Prince of Peace,
Thrones, powers, dominions to him bend,
And groaning prisoners find release;
Rebellion now shall have an end.

Let all the powers below, above,
In one harmonious anthem raise
The honors of the God of love,
And fill the universe with praise.

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PRAISE THE KING OF ZION.

In matins and in vespers sing
The praises of the Lord;
And worship give to Zion's King,
And all his deeds record.

From shining heights of glory bright
He viewed our dark abode;
And, on a car of dazzling light,
Down to its mansion rode.

He cast around his loving eyes
On sinful man's estate,
And felt a warm compassion rise,—
Compassion vastly great.

Down-crushed, beneath the tyrant Sin,
Humanity lay low;
For ages had all nations been
In darkness, guilt, and woe.

An arm of strength he lifted high,
And aimed a deadly blow;
O, then, did hell's grim tyrant die,
Then felt his overthrow!

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Tidings of victory we sing,
And laud the victor's praise;
With laurels crown fair Zion's King,
Who reigns through countless days.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS,

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE.

Kind patrons, while others present their address,
And your favors enjoy, say, can you do less
Than give a blessing, or something to cheer
Him who wishes you a happy new year?

Who wishes your friends may prove faithful and true;
Your debtors soon pay every cent that 's your due;
No losses betide you, by land or by sea;
No sickness to pay for, no lawyer to fee?

Your traffic and trade, may they thrive in your hands;
Your income increase from your houses and lands;
May Heaven, from fire, defend all your store,
And grant you the blessing to favor the poor.

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Have you erred the last year? — may that be forgiven;
The eye that was dark see the glory of heaven;
A wrong was there done to foe or to friend?
O repaired be that wrong, before this shall end!

Since he that salutes you, your paper has brought,
Great favors our merciful Father has wrought;
A luxuriant summer, a ripening fall,
And thousands of blessings for gratitude call.

But the time of sweet flowers and fruits is now past;
The snow, and the sleet, and the cold chilling blast,
Unsparingly fall on the boy as he comes
To bring you a blessing to cheer your sweet homes;

To fill you with love, and relieve you from fear;
To give you the truth which is simple and clear;
From the regions of error directing your eyes
To Him, who is merciful, gracious, and wise.

We have to regret that our labors are small;
Far, very far short of our wishes they fall;

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But what we have lacked in human invention,
We hoped to supply with honest intention.

While some, out of zeal, like a Saul full of ire,
A few of our numbers have *put in the fire*,
Some hundreds of others rejoice that they see
That life and salvation to all men are free.

For gratitude, reasons cannot be denied;
We 've lived in good health, while our neighbors have died;
Yet mourn for the one with a name* hard and long,
We never shall do, for the thing would be wrong.

In room of the Christian, he acted the elf;
Remurdered poor Judas, who murdered himself:
He stole from a thief, near the confines of heaven,
A pardon, which mercy through Jesus had given.

But let us remember, imperfect are all,
And while thinking we stand, take heed lest we fall;
That our errors and faults may all be forgiven,
We 'll pray that our foes may find mercy and heaven.

* Kaleidoscope.

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LADIES' DRESS.

The following lines were written and put into the hands of a lady, too slightly protected from the inclemency of the season, just as she was stepping into her carriage to attend a public dance.

How many dresses ladies wear,
In all of which pride has a share!
The morning dishabille appears,
And answers well for household cares:
But more complete and full attire
Their walks and afternoons require;
To worship the great God of heaven,
More richly dressed one day in seven;
But when in parties they appear,
A finer dress they choose to wear;
And when to ball-rooms they advance,
And join the lively, giddy dance,
More gaudy dress becomes the scene,
Where sashes wave and spangles gleam.
But soon the sprightly hours are past,
For pleasures cannot always last;
A cold ensues, and sickness comes,
Disorder seats upon the lungs;

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A chamber dress is now put on,
Nor changed at morn or evening sun.
But mortal sickness soon is o'er, —
The lady needs but one dress more.

THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

How sweet the fruit the Spirit yields!
How lasting and how fair!
No spices of Arabian fields
Can with this fruit compare.

Love grows on branches bending low;
Joy tips each lofty spray;
Peace all around, above, below,
Its spicy sweets convey.

Long-suffering grows and ripens here,
A cure for every grief;
And Gentleness, forbidding fear,
Is plucked from every leaf.

Goodness in many a cluster shoots,
And Faith is green and fair;
While Meekness, hid 'mong other fruits,
Invites her favorites there.

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Here Temperance grows, a virtue bright,
And well prepares the feast;
Here, O my soul, take thy delight,
Of all the guests the least.

GOD IS LOVE.

If God be LOVE, what angel's mind
A thousandth of his grace can scan?
Or who by searching e'er can find
The limits of that grace to man?

Presumptuous thought! to bound that love
Which the whole universe combines;
Fills earth below and heaven above,
And lives in infinite designs.

Bewildered souls, in error's night,
Presume to circumscribe this grace;
And from their vision bar the light,
Which shines in our Redeemer's face.

If God be LOVE, his wisdom then
Has laid no scheme of wrath unkind;

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Nor will his power dispense on man
Aught but his favors well refined.

If God be LOVE, his chastening hand
No more inflicts than what he sees
Our sin-distempered hearts may mend,
And tend to give our conscience ease.

If God be LOVE, then all we see
Of his vast works, the same makes known.
Sun, moon, and earth, with every tree,
Declare the goodness of his throne.

The months, that measure round the year,
The winter's cold and summer's ray,
All testify his guardian care,
And his unfainting love display.

Yes, God is LOVE; for the sweet flowers,
Which strew the bosom of the spring,
Dear children of the softening showers,
And birds of every plume that sing,

Declare Him LOVE; and chide us too,
Who doubt the goodness they proclaim,
Forever shall the song be new,
That God is LOVE, and will remain.

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THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

How bright that sun that makes our day!
How powerful is each quickening ray!
To distant lands and worlds unknown
His life-creating beams have flown.

The light of Christ is brighter far;
Compared with him, the sun 's a star;
More brilliant are his rays divine,
And with a clearer lustre shine.

More dark the regions of the soul
By Christ illumed, than the north pole,
When Sol's bright face is turned away,
And night and cold succeed the day.

And colder too are our dead hearts,
Till he his warming beams imparts;
When into love the passions flow,
Like limpid streams from ice and snow.

Nor more impartial is the sun
To planets which around him turn,
Than Christ, whose universal love
Fills earth below, and heaven above.

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See earth, discharged from winter's cold,
Soft zephyrs breathe, and buds unfold;
The fields and meadows dressed in green,
Sweet birds are heard and flowers seen.

But greater freedom do we find
When Christ unbars the imprisoned mind;
And softer graces breathe within,
When grace subdues the power of sin.

And more melodious songs are sung,
And sweeter graces too, among
The converts to the gospel theme,
Than lilies in the valleys green.

THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

When the blest light of day declines,
And night with murky clouds combines,
The pilgrim oft his way mistakes;—
For the wrong road the right forsakes.

The toils of error now come on,
The pilgrim's hope of rest is gone;
Briers and thorns infest the ground,
And beasts of prey are howling round.

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Grim spectres gleam before his eyes;
Despairing thoughts within him rise;
His useless eye-balls start and glare,
And fancy sees destruction there.

An ignis-fatuus in the glen
To the lone wanderer proves a gin;
He follows the deceptive fire,
And helpless sinks in fatal mire.

But superstition's darker gloom
Has caused our wandering hearts to roam
Far from the light of truth divine,
Where love and grace forever shine.

And more severe the toils we find,
Far more distressed the fearful mind;
And ranker grow the briers of grief,
The thorns of strife and unbelief;

And far more horrid is the yell
That stuns our ears with death and hell;
More frightful spectres too are seen
In error's wild, disordered dream;

Digitized by Google

And more deceptive is the fire
Which false religious views inspire;
And deeper mire is in the glen
Of error, unbelief, and sin.

A SABBATH'S ENTERTAINMENT.

HARK! hark! the bells ring; 't is the Sabbath of rest;
The lovers of Jesus to-day shall be blest;
And Zion's bright glory shall make a display,
For we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

Come away to the house where anthems are sung,
Where praises of Jesus employ every tongue;
The word of salvation shall make a display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

Come fathers, and mothers, come daughters, and sons,
To meet us the light of salvation now comes;
Bright smiles of the Saviour shall make a display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

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No dread shall afflict us, nor sorrow come near;
From doubts and from darkness our souls shall
be clear;
For pardoning mercy shall make a display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

All the foes of the cross no obtrusion shall make;
By praying and singing their force we will break;
For faith in the Saviour shall make a display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

Call, call on the Lord, for his mercy is free;
In saving of sinners, his justice we see;
EXTENSIVE SALVATION shall make a display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

The name of the Saviour all hearts shall combine;
'T is sweeter than honey, 't is better than wine;
Each heart of devotion his love shall display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to-day.

As dews that descend, in the silence of night,
On daisies and roses with gentleness light;
So reproofs of the word a favor display,
And we 'll be united, dear Christians, to day.

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PRAYER.

May that kind Wisdom's piercing eye,
Which scans events, and knows their end,
Whose tender mercies never die,
To my weak heart its favor lend.

Give me to feel as Jesus prayed,
When on the cross he bleeding hung;
When all his foes their wrath displayed,
And with their spite his bosom stung.

Till death he loved his foes, and said,
Father, forgive; then groaned and died;
And when arisen from the dead,
His mercy to their souls applied.

For such a heart and such a love,
Kind Lord, I raise my soul to thee;
O pour thy spirit from above,
That I may like my Saviour be!

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REDEMPTION.

The sun, which through creation shines,
Through every land and nation,
Is but an emblem of that grace,
The grace of man's redemption.

The rain, that falls in gentle showers
And blesses every nation,
Is a true emblem of that grace,
The grace of man's redemption.

The dews, which fall in blessings rich
On every land and nation,
Are emblems, too, of that rich grace,
The grace of man's redemption.

The rivers, which from mountains flow,
Through vales in every nation,
Are emblems fair of grace divine,
The grace of man's redemption.

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DIVINE LOVE.

THE outward world our eyes behold
Shows forth its Maker's power;
The changes, which we see, unfold
That goodness we adore.

Consummate wisdom, robed in light,
Her sceptre wide displays;
And every star that gilds the night
Its gentle power obeys.

And when that Wisdom's eye is seen,
It mirrors forth to view,
On mountains high, in valleys green,
And in the rain and dew;

And in all creatures, high and low,
On earth and in the sea,
In heights above, in depths below,
The LOVE of Deity.

The world, invisible to sight,
The inward world, unseen,
Is radiant with celestial light,
And so has ever been.

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The seraphim, around the throne
Of Him who rules above,
Have never, in his presence, known
A power, but that of love.

The day of love is unbegun,
Will last eternally;
Should time wear out the stars and sun,
Would fill immensity.

Though darkness veil the plan divine
From mortal vision here,
Fast hastens on the promised time
When love will make it clear.

BURNING OF THE LEXINGTON.

The many, from refreshments
And social converse sweet,
Arose, with those endearments
Enjoyed where many meet.

The sun had left his empire;
The moon her sceptre swayed;
All felt a strong desire
Onward to be conveyed.

Digitized by Google

On board was manhood's vigor;
Beauty and wit were there:
And fathers, mothers, lover;
All filled with hope and care.

Some for their homes were longing,
And some on business bound;
They here and there were thronging,
When lo, there came a sound!

A voice was heard complaining,
"Our boat is all on fire!
See there! behold it flaming!
And now it rises higher!"

Dismay and awful horror,
Keen anguish and despair,
With eyes of grief and sorrow,
Beheld destruction there!

Now iron hearts are failing;
All human skill is vain;
And shrieks, and cries, and wailing,
Are all that now remain.

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That scream was from a mother, —
"O save my drowning child!"
The curls of smoke now smother
The frantic and the wild.

The moon and stars, in mourning,
Looked on this scene of fire;
And ocean's waves lay groaning
Beneath those flames so dire.

But O, the bitter anguish
Of dying thoughts, in those
Who left their friends to languish,
No living mortal knows!

Let all whose hearts are bleeding,
Beneath this heavy stroke,
To Jesus come, believing,
And take his easy yoke.

Your burdens he will lighten;
The gloom of death destroy;
The star of hope will brighten,
And turn your grief to joy.

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THE WORLD REGENERATED.

Jesus is laid in Joseph's tomb,
And night spreads o'er the land;
The little flock are wrapped in gloom,
That fearful, mourning band.

But, lo! He rises from the dead,
Immortal Prince of Peace;
And joyful tidings now are spread,
And ever shall increase.

Then forth from Salem went the sound;
On wings of wind it flew;
The tidings glad were spread around;
The world was born anew.

Thy cities, O Immanuel,
Received the joyful news!
It fell as gentle rains distil,
Or like refreshing dews.

Nor did the ancient nations' bounds
Impede its rapid flight;
The sun which sent his rays around
Was a resistless light.

Digitized by Google

The Roman eagle saw its blaze,
Nor could endure its fire;
The heathen gods are in amaze,
And all their rites expire.

From mountain cut, a living stone
Fills the wide earth and sea;
The pride and power of kings are gone,
And the oppressed are free.

No dream is this, of fancy's mould,
But truth divine and sure;
A doctrine pure, by seers foretold,
And ever shall endure.

A FERVENT DESIRE.

Come thou, who in thy fulness art
A heaven of peace and love,
And raise this lowly, sunken heart,
To thy blest heights above.

For thou hast given thy child below
These strong desires to rise,

Digitized by Google

And taste those streams of life which flow
In fields above the skies.

Thou wilt not mock my humble prayer,
Breathed by thy spirit's fire;
But open the sweet vision fair,—
The vision I desire.

I see, I see its glory bright!
A blissful region fair;
It fills me with a sweet delight;
O, grant me entrance there!

A RURAL VISIT.

The noon was past, the sun was bright;—
With those I loved with fond delight,
I called to see a much loved friend,
To throw off cares,—as we unbend
The bow of yew, its strength to shield,—
And wander through orchard and field,
To note what each was like to yield,
And how the farmer laid his plans—
The use he made of all his lands;
What prospects lay in hope's bright eye,

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Of coming harvest, wheat and rye;
Nor did we pass the garden by.

His domicil was neat and clean;
Fit for the yeoman's wife, or queen
Of any realm on this wide earth,
Or princes of the highest birth.

Well pleased with the whole prospect round,
But better pleased when it was found
That on these premises there lay
No debt or mortgage, which one day
Might turn my friend and wife away.

The board was spread with needed cheer,
And kindly eyes invited near
All present, to regale most free,
And take a social cup of tea.

Now all was tranquil, and no fears
Came rushing on our eyes or ears;
Of friendship's nectar suppéd we,
From every apprehension free.

The sound of thunder! It is so!
And now the wind begins to blow.

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Gusts after gusts now rush amain,
Bending the trees on hill and plain.
Look out! behold how dark that cloud!
The heavens are dressed in a black shroud,
With lightnings sharp and thunders loud,
As if the waters of the sea
Collected had their majesty,
Combined with wind and lightning's power,
To give the earth a fearful shower.

O, how sublime that scene appeared!
All looked with wonder, and some feared.
Before the pressure of the wind,
Tall trees their mighty strength resigned;
And, bowed to earth, recumbent lay,
To mark the wonders of that day.

But troubled elements, we find,
Are all controlled by Power most kind;
For He, who formed the world, doth ride
On clouds and winds, and does preside
O'er all of elemental strife,
And over all things which have life.

As the fleet steed from forest wild,
When broke, is gentle, meek, and mild,

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So fierce winds, when restrained, do seem
Gentle as whispers in a dream.
And that dark cloud, so full of dread,
Like drapery now lies outspread;
And on its murky folds appear
The glories of the rainbow near.

That wondrous sight! who can behold
Its various hues, its brilliant gold,
Its rising arch, and pleasing form,
Which tell the ceasing of the storm,—
This token God has placed in heaven
Of promises to mortals given,—
And not devotion's spirit feel,
And grateful at his altar kneel?

And now a scene of glory bright
Precedes the setting sun at night;
More brilliant and more charming far
Than is the longed-for morning star.
It must remain fresh to my eyes
Till this frail body sinks and dies.

The waving grass, all washed and clean,
Blushing with blossoms fresh and green,

Digitized by Google

Loaded with pearly drops of rain,
Lay in the sunbeams o'er the plain;
And in those myriad drops were seen
All nature's colors brightly gleam.
Entranced I saw, and could but feel
A spirit strangely o'er me steal;
It taught me in those drops to see
The wisdom of the Deity.

Old Homer sang of hero gods,
And battle fields of gory floods,
Of blood, all drawn from human veins,
And nations bowed in iron chains:
Could he have seen this charming sight,
Displayed in varied rays of light,
And seen in them the God of love,
And felt his spirit in him move,
How soft and sweet had been his lays,
If sung in the Creator's praise!

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JESUS.

"But of him are ye in Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—1 Cor. i. 30.

Jesus is our wisdom made;
Jesus, wisdom from above;
Why should we then be afraid?
Jesus, he is full of love.

Jesus is our righteousness;
He 's the righteousness of God;
He is made our wedding dress;
We are washed in Jesus' blood.

Sanctified in Jesus, we
Spotless are before the throne;
From pollution we are free;
Holy in the Holy One.

Our redemption Jesus is
From the bondage of our sin;
He is ours, and we are his;
Let us never sin again.

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Raise a song to Jesus' name,
Praise him for redeeming grace;
Love should kindle to a flame,
While we bow before his face.

CHANGES.

Wondrous changes in our clime
Have on each other pressed;
Though scarcely noticed in their time,
Are great must be confessed.

Within the memory of man
The change is great indeed;
And though the time is but a span,
To look we only need,

To see that what was once esteemed,
As laudable and wise,
Would now make decent men ashamed,
And is by all despised.

From days of yore we make no draught,
When priests could witches hang;
And when it suited well their craft
To press beneath their ban

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The honest Quaker, who could see,
In outward forms and rite,
What God esteems idolatry,
And loathsome in his sight.

Within our day, too, well we know
The Baptists were despised,
And scorned, as something mean and low;
Too low to ever rise.

By those in power they were oppressed;
Their rights were disallowed;
And by the clergy made a jest,
And to the dust were bowed.

But, like the cedar straight and high,
Now quite erect they stand;
Their equal rights none dare deny,
In this our happy land.

The Methodists were once the scorn
Of Levite and the priest;
And looked on as plebeian born,
Yea, treated as a jest.

How great the change which now we see,
And grateful to our eyes!

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The lowly shrub became a tree;
Its rights no one denies.

The Orthodox and Baptist now
With Methodist combine;
Willing each other to allow
A fellowship divine.

Some little change we hope may come —
A change for which we pray;
When all these churches may be one
In Christ, who is the way.

Of all the changes in our clime,
Which in our day have been,
That truth, that blessed truth divine,
The end of death and sin —

The final holiness and bliss
Of all the human race, —
Hath wrought the greatest. None like this
Is founded on that grace

Which God in Christ on man bestowed,
And made the blessing sure;
That grace which hath forever flowed,
And ever will endure.

Digitized by Google

When first this doctrine was proclaimed,
It caused no small surprise;
It was by pious priests disdained,
As monstrous in their eyes!

It fired the learned clergy all
With zeal to put it down;
And, like a persecuting Saul,
They met it with a frown.

And then from pulpits thunders came
Perhaps some lightning too;
And hell below was made to flame
With terrors not a few.

That Satan had contrived his last
Base error, to beguile
Weak mortals, and to hold them fast
In sin and practice vile,

Was everywhere declared a truth;
And warnings loud were given,
To fathers, mothers, and to youth,
Who had a wish for heaven,

Never to lend an ear to hear
This doctrine so abhorred;

Digitized by Google

But watch and stand in constant fear,
  Lest they offend the Lord.

How wicked, too, those preachers were,
  In pious people's eyes,
Who did impartial grace declare,
  As if they uttered lies!

Such views and horrors, in our day,
  Have changed their aspect wild,
And seem about to pass away,
  Becoming tame and mild.

Patience, dear reader; one change more
  I mention with delight;
Scripture reads not as heretofore,
  But with a clearer light.

That endless woe, which once was seen
  In almost every line,
Has gone, like a departed dream,
  Dispelled by light divine.

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A QUESTION ANSWERED.

In thee, O Lord, though formed of dust,
I place my confidence and trust.
But can mere earth put trust in thee,
Because 't is organized like me?

Or do all creatures of the earth,
Of sea and air, thou givest birth,
Look up to thee, and in thee place
Their hopes, as do the human race?

The question labors in my mind;
Wilt thou assist, that I may find
The truth; and on that truth rely
While life remains, and when I die?

What art thou, Lord? I long to know;
Wilt thou on me the gift bestow,
To understand the laws which bind
My soul to thy eternal mind?

Art thou a spirit, wise and just,
And man composed of naught but dust?
O what relation can there be
Between an earthly worm and thee!

Digitized by Google

Hast thou revealed thy truth, O Lord?
And can we read it in thy word?
Then, surely, there in man must be
A spirit which pertains to thee.

Thy word sets forth the truth divine,
That men are *children*, Lord, of thine;
Dependent on thy power and will,
And must thy purposes fulfil.

MY NATIVE RICHMOND.

THERE are no hills in Hampshire New,
Nor valleys half so fair,
As those outspread before our view,
In merry Richmond, where

I first my mortal race began,
And spent my youthful days;
Where first I saw the golden sun,
And felt his 'livening rays.

There is no spot in Richmond, where
Fond memory loves to dwell,
As on the glebe outspreading there
In Ballou's blithesome dell.

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There are no birds which sing so well
As those upon the spray,
Where, from the brow of grassy hill,
Comes forth the morning ray.

Unnumbered flowers, the pride of spring,
Are born to flourish there,
And round their mellow odors fling,
On all the ambient air.

There purling streams have charms for me,
Which vulgar brooks ne'er give;
And winds breathe sweeter down the lea
Than where magnolias live.

NOTHING.

"All nations before him are as nothing; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity."—Isaiah xl. 17.

Nothings, how many earth supplies!
Nothings which charm the many's eyes;
Nothings for which the many sigh;
Nothings for which so many die.
Nations are nothings; yea, and less,
And ruled by nothings, we confess.

Digitized by Google

Thrones, crowns, and sceptres, nothings are;
All now on earth, like those that were.
Nothings, called riches, take the lead;
And nothings are they all indeed.
That nothing, fame, which spreads its wings,
And kingdoms unto nothing brings,
Can nothing but its plume bestow,
And that is nothing, heroes know.
Nothings made up in robes so fine,
And worn by nothings, brightly shine.
Beauty is nothing, though desired
So much by nothings, and admired.
Pleasures are nothing; yet how bland
These nothings are! the gay, the grand,
Such nothings love, and for them strive;
Yet from these nothings naught derive.

Digitized by Google

SUBSTANCE.

"That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures."—Prov. viii. 21.

Wisdom Divine can substance give;
Substance on which the soul can live.
Substance is found in all her ways,
Riches and honor, length of days.
Her love is substance to the mind;
And those who love her substance find.
Truth is substance, precious, pure;
Such substance ever will endure.
I see this substance in his face,
Who gave it to the human race.
A glorious substance, be it mine,
And may it ever in me shine.
May I this substance never lose,
Until in death my eyes shall close.
My spirit may this substance raise
To joy divine through endless days.

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UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

"All thy works praise thee, O Lord." — Psalm clxv. 10.

The heavens praise their Author's skill,
And speak his power divine;
While all their shining hosts fulfil
His orders and design.

The blushing hues of opening day
Indite a hymn of praise;
While thousand voices catch the lay,
And loud the pæan raise.

The golden beams that flood the sky,
From Sol's uncovered face,
And speak in every dew-drop's eye,
Display their Maker's grace.

The mountains, hills, and valleys wide,
With all their waters sweet;
Gardens and orchards in their pride,
The hymn of praise repeat.

The sea, the wide, the open sea,
With all its caverns deep;
Its glittering gems no eye can see,
In coral fields that sleep;

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Its raging waves, its ruthless tide,
Which rush on every shore,
And distant continents divide,
Praise God, and him adore.

The elements, by a control
Ordained by power divine,
Obedient move from pole to pole,
And in the concert join.

When stormy winds sweep o'er the deep,
And rage along the shore;
When hail, and rain, and snow, and sleet,
In fearful torrents roar;

And vessels dashed upon the strand,
Deriding human skill;
These all confess that powerful hand;
The will divine fulfil.

Each season of the rolling year
Proclaims its Author's ways;
And all combine, as one, to rear
A monument of praise.

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HEALING POWER OF LOVE.

"Purge me with hyssop."—Psalm li. 7.

An hyssop grows in Eden's bowers,
Moistened with dews, and wet with showers;
A panacea for the soul;
'T was planted there in nature's spring,
A holy, never-dying thing,
Our wayward passions to control.

'T will purge the leprosy of sin,
And purify the heart within,
And even bring the dead to life.
Its odors shed, the air perfumes
With sweetness, while the mind assumes
A heavenly calmness, free from strife.

Bright angels guard the herb divine,
And place its leaves around the shrine,
Devoted to the throne above.
The sun of righteousness his rays
Most mildly to the plant conveys;
Its name is Everlasting Love.

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LINES

PRESENTED WITH A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

To Him who gave to Time his wings,
And rolls the seasons round;
Who to us every blessing brings,
Let gratitude abound.

This New Year's day should us remind
Of how our time we 've spent;
What done to approbate we find,
Or what we should relent.

If in the past some wrongs we find, —
As find we surely do —
To the contrite our God is kind,
And will their hearts renew.

Wisdom will teach us how to make
Our errors work our good;
For blest are they who do forsake
Their wrongs, and turn to God.

Now, on this New Year's day, may we
Good resolutions frame,
To live from sin and folly free,
And the true riches gain.

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Another New Year's day should we,
On earth, each other greet,
No pains or sickness may we see,
Nor disappointments meet.

DEPENDENCE ON AND TRUST IN GOD.

On all things in our world around
Is written mystery profound,
Beyond our intellect to scan;
Within our vision's scope we see
The impress of the Deity,
Transcending all the powers of man.

We see the monarch of the day,
We see the planets on their way;
Are filled with wonder and surprise!
Imagination takes its flight
Beyond the shining orbs of night;
Its onward course no bound denies.

When stretched as far as thought can go,
The mind returns; and well we know
How small, how impotent we are.

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The drop that's in the ocean deep,
Where coral rocks in darkness sleep,
Depends on the Almighty's care

No more than we, who vainly boast
Of wisdom, power; and think almost
That we can fix our destiny.
To Him, who rules creation wide,
Our destiny we may confide,
The Father of eternity.

PRAISE THE LORD.

COMPOSED FOR A FAVORITE TUNE.

Praise the Lord, your voices joining,
Praise the Lord, your voices joining,
Laud the blest, the Holy One,
Whose glory is forever shining.

The wondrous glories of the day;
The feathered tribes so sweetly singing,
Declare the honors of his name,
And send them through creation ringing.
Praise the Lord, &c.

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The smiling beauties of his face
We nightly see, all brightly shining
In the moon and twinkling stars,
Wisdom divine with power combining.
Praise the Lord, &c.

He breathes in zephyrs mild and bland,
O'er valleys wide, in beauty glowing;
He clothes the lilies in their pride,
Beside the streamlets gently flowing.
Praise the Lord, &c.

In fruitful fields and gardens green
His goodness ever is abounding;
Then let us all, in hymns of praise,
Our voices join, high praise resounding.

Praise the Lord, your voices joining;
Praise the Lord, your voices joining;
Laud the blest, the Holy One,
Whose glory is forever shining.

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DEATH NOT TO BE FEARED.

Why call we Death to man a foe?
Why should we fear to die?
Does heavenly wisdom teach us so?
Let us the question try.

Is he of independent might?
Does he himself sustain?
These questions, if we answer right,
Will make our subject plain.

See ye his scythe, his dart, his spear?
Who placed them in his hand?
Know this, and give the winds your fear;
Dauntless before him stand.

Death is a messenger of God;
And God is love, we know;
Nothing can come from him but good;
No enmity can flow.

Death only comes when he is sent,
Commissioned from on high;
And all his weapons, too, are lent;
Why fear we then to die?

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Death comes a friend to mortal man,
To set his spirit free;
Nor he, nor any creature, can
Reverse the blest decree.

Had Death on us an evil eye,
Would he our pains remove,
And set our spirits free to fly
To peaceful realms above?

Unkind were Death, he would delay
Our sufferings all to end,
And let us in our anguish stay,
Nor his assistance lend.

Teach not your children, parents dear,
To dread what God may send;
Nor fill their tender hearts with fear
Of Him who is their friend.

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HYMN.

You, in riches who abound,
To this humble claim give ear;
Spread your charity around,
Wipe from sorrow's eye the tear.

Unto him your money lend,
Who does all your treasures give;
To the poor a portion send;
Let your hungry brother live.

See in yonder lane the cot
Where the couch of sickness lies;
Where the staff of life is not,
Hear the hungry children's cries.

Bright those jewels of the skies
Which in sable darkness glow;
Brighter, in compassion's eyes,
Are the silent tears which flow.

Sweet the odors from the fields,
Where abundant spices grow;
Sweeter far is that which yields
Comfort to the sick and low.

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Grateful are those gentle dews
On the fainting grass which fall;
Far more grateful what renews
Comforts to the poor who call.

IN REFERENCE TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

If in the heart the virus dwell
Of murder, can we that expel
By dire revenge? or shall we find
We miss the law that governs mind?

To quench a flame should we engage,
And fuel add, behold the rage!
Now fiercer still the flame ascends,
And fear with consternation blends.

Man kills his neighbor; — why? because
His passions rise against the laws
Which God hath written in his soul,
Unmanned the man, and made a fool.

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To cure this evil, now the law,
With tiger's rage and open jaw,
Cries out for blood, — for blood it cries,
Seizes the culprit, and he dies.

Two men are dead in room of one;
And now the work is but begun;
The virus spreads; and everywhere
The deadly taint fills all the air.

And murder now becomes more rife;
Lightly esteemed is human life;
And he who could not just before
Now coolly looks on human gore.

Revenge is wrong; cannot subdue
The vile affections; but renew
Their action to a flame most dire,
To rage like a consuming fire.

When will our legislators learn,
That blessed, heavenly truth discern —
When will it well be understood
That evil is o'ercome with good?

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HERO OF TRUTH.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO REV. H. BALLOU.

Nobly the warrior stood,
Strong in his battle might;
And his voice rang clear through the solemn wood,
Where the watch-fire flashed its light.
The startled panther sprang up and fled,
And the serpent crept away,
For he feared a bruise on his venomed head
From a weapon strong to slay.

But the birds sang wild and sweet,
Above the warrior's head,
And the wild flowers clustered around his feet,
And bowed at his lordly tread,
And far in the wilderness sang the streams,
With ominous tones and deep;
They had wakened his soul from the fitful dreams,
That haunted its morning sleep.

And nobly now he stood,
Strong in his battle might,

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For the cause that nerved him was *human good*,
The Noble, the True, the Right!
At the frown of the haughty he trembled not,
Nor shrunk from the eye of scorn;
For his soul was girded to meet the lot
For which he was nobly born.

With a weapon dyed in blood,
Old giant Error rose;
He had fought and conquered before the flood,
And who dared now oppose?
As Apollyon fought, in the lonely vale,
With the Pilgrim worn and weak,
So Error fought, in his coat of mail,
With the youth of the beardless cheek.

As the Philistine giant strove,
With his sword, and spear, and shield,
'Gainst the youth who came in the name of Jove,
To battle in Elah's field;
So Error, the giant of centuries' growth,
With scorn on his lip at play,
Came out 'gainst the stripling whose sling was *truth*,
And vowed him to death a prey!

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But the battle was still the Lord's!
And the hosts of the giant fled,
Leaving behind, with their broken swords,
Their champion, Error, *dead!*
While the army of Israel, firm and strong,
Shout "Victory!" loud and high;
And the valleys ring with the triumph-song,
"Thus Error shall *ever* die!"

And now the warrior rests;
Peace on his reverend head!
Peace, 'mid the tumult of waving crests,
And an army's thundering tread!
Peace, while he gazes in proud delight
On the youthful champions round!
He hath run the race — he hath fought the fight,
Let the HERO OF TRUTH *be* CROWNED!

SHIRLEY VILLAGE, MASS. S. C. E

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LINES

Suggested by the article entitled "Hero of Truth," in the "Trumpet" of the 31st ult.

How sweet those moving sounds which float
Through the elastic air!
From Shirley Village comes each note,
Sung by the village fair.

Her hand has wove a garland bright,
And placed it on the brow
Of the most humble in the fight
For truth, which triumphs now.

Will jealous envy, think ye, frown,
And of these lays complain?
Will superstition, cowl and gown,
Cast on the maid disdain?

Bright eyes beheld, in Elah's vale,
The haughty giant stand;
They saw the host of Israel quail
Before his glittering brand.

Then prayers went up to God, defied;
Matrons and maidens prayed;
The fervent prayer was not denied,
Nor was relief delayed.

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A beardless youth, to their surprise,
With neither sword nor shield,
Who on the Holy Name relies,
Now boldly takes the field.

Fain would the giant daunt the youth,
And spurn him from his sight;
A stranger to the power of truth,
With truth he dared to fight.

One stroke, unerring, laid him low,
And shouts of victory rose,
And taught the enemy to know
The strength he would oppose.

Then in the dance, with tabrets sweet,
Matrons and maidens sung,
And did the hero warmly greet,
While joyful music rung.

If Zion's daughters, then, of yore,
Crowned the triumphant youth,
Should not her maidens now much more
Laud Heaven's victorious truth?

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ON THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."
— Psalm ciii. 2.

Let all things praise the Lord on high,
Who rules the earth, and sea, and sky;
Whose laws the elements control,
And all the planets as they roll.

The varied seasons of the year
E'er to his holy will adhere;
And manifest the watchful love
Which sits enthroned in worlds above.

When winter, with its icy chains,
Wide o'er the earth in rigor reigns,
And lakes and rivers lie concealed,
And herds and flocks forsake the field;

And when the snow has robed the ground,
And not a smiling flower is found,—
A thousand comforts then appear,
A large supply of richest cheer.

The winter eve enjoyment brings,
Drawn from unnumbered flowing springs;

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And has its hours of sweet delight,
Which welcome each returning night.

And when returns the balmy spring,
And open flowers their odors fling
From fields and gardens on the air,
All nature smiles, for God is there.

See, with his implements of toil,
Brown labor wears a cheerful smile;
While to his purpose yields the glebe,
And in its bosom takes the seed.

Sweet is the air the zephyr breathes,
And charming are the opening leaves;
Enchanting, too, are birds which sing
The honors of returning spring.

The summer months, without delay,
With heat intense, and lengthened day,
Accomplish now Jehovah's will,
And the whole earth with plenty fill.

How most inviting is the scene
Around us spread! how bright the green
And yellow fields, which promise fair,
A rich reward for labor's care!

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Now autumn, in its plenty, brings
A large supply of precious things,
Which fill our markets flowing o'er,
To feed the wealthy and the poor.

For these sweet seasons of delight
Let Him be praised who makes them bright;
Nor let a day nor hour be spent
Without devout acknowledgment.

O praise Him, who such goodness shows,
Whose favor like a river flows;
Let gratitude each heart inspire
With pure devotion's holy fire.

Still greater mercies to our race,
From an exhaustless font of grace,
Flow in living stream forever,
From God's throne, a mighty river.

When all was desert, drought, and sin,
And life divine unknown to men,
He smote the Rock, and lo, behold!
A full supply for all the fold.

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Hear, now, the gospel's trumpet sound,
From shore to shore the world around,
Freedom from sin and death proclaim,
In Christ, the great Redeemer's name.

He who hath conquered death and sin,
And righteousness divine brought in,
His sceptre o'er the world shall sway,
Till all his enemies obey.

Let glory unto God be given,
By all on earth and all in heaven;
And may this holy worship be
An everlasting jubilee

LINES.

I LOVE the glory of the morn,
Displayed in orient ray,
When from the ocean's wave is born
The father of the day.

I love the warmer beam of noon,
Which opens every flower,

Digitized by Google

And sits the dye on every bloom
In Nature's rosy bower.

I love the milder evening beam,
Which glitters through the trees,
When lunar beams are broader seen,
And sweetens every breeze.

And yet a glory I have seen,
Far brighter than the morn;
It is the light of Zion's King,
For man's salvation born.

The virtues tinged by his bright ray
Surpass each opening flower,
Which blushes to the noon of day,
In Nature's rosy bower.

Nor does the setting sun display
Such sweet, such softening charms,
As the bright hope of glory's day,
Which tyrant Death disarms.

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HUNGERING AND THIRSTING AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Make me to hunger, O my God,
For righteousness divine;
Increase my thirst, thou only good,
For love's sweet flowing wine.

From noisome dregs of sin and strife
Wilt thou my soul set free,
That I may taste those streams of life
Which gently flow from thee.

Inwrought within this heart of mine,
May thy rich favors grow,
And all my powers to thee incline,
The more of thee to know.

Then, freed from sin, and blest in thee,
My longing soul shall prove
The fruit of life's unfading tree,
And fulness of thy love.

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LOVE ALLOWS NO COMPULSION.

Need fear compel me to behold
A beauteous form and neat?
Or must the hungry man be told
Of hell, to make him eat?

Talk we of sweetness to the taste,
Or beauty to the eye?
Pure virtue's flavor is the best,
Most brilliant, too, its dye.

Hast thou, my son, her lovely form
Seen in a mirror bright?
All other beauties treat with scorn,
But make *her* thy delight.

Around thy neck, like chains of gold,
Her mildest rays shall shine,
And to thy longing heart unfold
Her treasures all divine.

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ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Let grateful millions join to raise,
In Freedom's song, Jehovah's praise,
Who gave our nation birth;
Who laid the oppressive tyrant low,
And broke the savage warrior's bow,
And freedom gave to earth.

Our starry banners wave in air,
While manly youth and virgins fair
Learn Independence' song;
And sing Oppression's broken chain,
And shout fair Freedom's gentle reign,
Whose laws are mild but strong.

Her sacred fire our fathers caught,
Through seas of blood our heroes fought,
To plant her in our land;
And we, their sons, rejoice to see
The fruit and blossoms of the tree
Which shall forever stand.

When foreign and internal foes
Against our independence rose,
To fell fair Freedom's tree;

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Her genius fired a million hearts,
And winged as many fatal darts,
To sink them in the sea.

With joy we see, among the great,
A hero fill the chair of state,
Who fought for liberty;
To union has our state restored,
Our shattered bark has safely moored,
And loves to see us free.

From zone to zone, and round the earth,
May Freedom give the nations birth,
And break Oppression's chain;
May olive Peace her garlands weave,
Long as the mighty waters wave,
And hold her gentle reign.

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HYMN.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—Psalm cxlvii. 3.

To the heart that is broken with grief,
And tortured with wounds deep and sore,
Thy mercy, O Lord, gives relief,
Thy grace is the balm that can cure.

The tear in the penitent eye,
Like the dew on the plant that was dying,
Shall quicken to life, and a sigh
Recall the hope that was flying.

Despair is thy plasm of grace,
In the soul thy image to form;
As the hues of the bow have their place
On the blackness and darkness of storm.

All broken and wounded, undone,
Neither priest nor Levite can cure;
Should the goodly Samaritan come,
My life and my health are secure.

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THOUGHTS ON THE SUN.

Why not my Saviour shine as bright,
With his refulgent rays?
Why not my God extend his light
In one eternal blaze?

Why not all darkness flee away,
And death no more be found?
Why not one bright eternal day
Encircle us around?

Is there not goodness in the Lord
Enough to overcome?—
Is there not power enough in God
To bring the strangers home?

Why not my Saviour victory gain
O'er every hardened heart,
And reconcile the whole to him,
And never leave a part?

Was not an ancient promise made,
When God created man?
And what can ever be displayed
To overthrow his plan?

Digitized by Google

When everything shall hear his voice,
He makes an end of sin;
Will not the angels more rejoice
When all are gathered in?

The luminous sun extends his light
To all the human race;—
Will not my Saviour make as bright
The kingdom of his grace?

PARTIAL DOCTRINE DISPROVED.

Good Doctor, you tell me election is true—
That Jehovah decreed all that he foreknew;
And as it is certain that some go to hell,
In regions of darkness forever to dwell,
This was the design the Creator proposed,
As clearly he has by the Scriptures disclosed.

And some go to heaven, when hence they depart,
Their passage secure; and, swift as a dart,
Through regions of ether they shout on their way,
To realms of bright glory and mansions of day.

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All this was decreed ere creation began,
Concerted by wisdom, which shines in the plan.

Now, doctor, I doubt it, and ask you to say,
Who created the sun, the glory of day?
Sir, answer directly, and say, if you can,—
He made the sun, who 's the Creator of man.
Then false is your system I easily prove,
Impartial the sun, its Creator is Love.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE AND VISION OF HOPE.

See life on the ocean of time,
How it flits from billow to wave;
Like the beam of a star see it shine—
And now it is lost in the grave!

A wind from the east past along,
And hurried the waves of the deep;
The bark in a moment was gone;
The wanderer sunk into sleep!

A murmuring noise in mine ear
Inclined the glance of mine eye—

Digitized by Google

All still — life had fled, but a tear
Remained; it was born from a sigh.

Behold in that tear a bright ray,
Disclosing a vision divine,
And opening the glory of day,
Forever and ever to shine.

LINES.

"Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." — Isaiah xii. 3.

In the wisdom of God we have found a sweet pool,
Where the waters are flowing to comfort the soul.
O come, then, ye thirsty; come, ye dying, and live;
Life, joy, peace, and salvation, this wisdom can give.

O, the law of the Lord is a fountain of truth;
'T is a comfort to age, 't is a guide to the youth;
Then to the law, ye lost and weary ones, come;
Here the stranger, the pilgrim, shall find a sweet home.

Digitized by Google

Living streams of salvation and wells of delight
Are promises all, when they are brought to our sight; —
To the promises come, as to fountains of joy;
Drink deep of these waters, for they never can cloy.

The hope of the gospel is a well-spring of life;
Here the gloom of despair and doubts end their strife;
Ye doubting ones, come to the hope of salvation,
And never more part with divine consolation.

See, the Rock of salvation is smitten, and lo,
Streams of pity and mercy abundantly flow!
Come, then, to the Rock, O ye guilty, forgiven,
These waters flow freely; the fountain is heaven.

See the judgments of God, as clouds darken the air;
But why should we tremble if salvation is there?
These clouds, though so dark, shall soon in blessings descend;
For God is our lawgiver, judge, saviour, and friend.

Digitized by Google

All nations, all people, forever and ever
United in bands, such as nothing can sever,
With joy we will draw from the wells of salvation
The waters of life and of sweet consolation.

THE CARRIER'S ADDRESS

TO THE PATRONS OF THE UNIVERSALIST MAGAZINE, JANUARY 1, 1825.

As the lark hails the morn, and the turtle the spring,
I would hail the New Year in the offering I bring;
May peace, joy, and comfort, with its days all increase;
From strife, sin, and sorrow, millions find a release;
And you, my kind patrons, all abundantly prove
The favors of wisdom and the riches of love.

While cold winter remains, and the season of snows,
May your dwellings afford you delight and repose.

Digitized by Google

When the sun shall call forth the bud and the flower,
And young zephyrs shall wanton through forest and bower,
Then, as blithe as the birds that carol on the sprays,
May you bask in the sun, and be blest in his rays.
May summer and autumn all their luxuries yield,
All the fruits of the orchard, the pasture and field;
While with health, and with plenty, and all earthly good,
You are blest to the full, then remember your God.

Should I speak of past scenes from the Magazine's youth,
Your patience would fail ere I could tell all the truth.
Its foes have exerted all their strength in the strife,
And swore, by their Dagon, they would cut short its life;
Not a dart, nor a club, deadly malice could throw,
For want of commission, failed of giving a blow;

Digitized by Google

And so dark was the air often made by the dust,
When they rushed in their host of corruption and lust,
That many well-wishers, by miscounting the cost,
Thought Satan was victor, and the Magazine lost!

In a moment of time, bright Aurora, in charms,
The clouds would all scatter, proudly brandish her arms,
Displaying the triumph of Christ and salvation,
Expressed in your praises with glad acclamation!

The wrath of old Moloch, all his prophets declared,
Would come down on your heads, not a soul would be spared,
For the crime of your faith, which embraces our race
In the bosom of love, and the fulness of grace.
And yet still you believe, and feel none of his ire,
You regard not his threats, and you fear not his fire.

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The old scarlet Mother has had mourning of late,
For the loss of some words which composed her estate;
And some other losses, in the rest of her wares,
Do her troubles increase, and her sorrows and cares.
Yet a ray of faint hope seems to beam in her eye,
As some appear willing, and will still longer try,
For the sake of her pelf, ply their hands to her cause,
And receive their reward in her ribbons and gauze.
Yet the vials of wrath fast prevail on her power,
Her plagues are collected, and all come in an hour.

The light of Salvation, now behold it arise,
Its rays of bright glory fast prevail through the skies!
Now the temple of grace its fair turrets displays,
And the city of God appears all in a blaze,
As fair as the moon is, and as clear as the sun,
Her banners are spreading, and her glory has come!

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You 've tasted of honey, as it gushed from the comb,
But were not contented t' eat the morsel alone;
So now, made partakers of sweet favors that flow,
On companions around, a rich portion bestow.
And as you are favored with all fulness and more,
Have compassion for all, and remember the poor.

IMMORTALITY.

That orient beam which cheers the morn,
And drives the murky gloom away,
Through trackless ether swiftly borne,
To welcome in the infant day, —
Reminds me of that heavenly light,
Whose rays, dispersing error's gloom,
Open to man a glory bright,
In a fair world beyond the tomb.

Those varying scenes of beauty fair,
Which welcome in the youthful spring —
The blooming fields, the fragrant air,
The leafy groves and birds that sing, —

Digitized by Google

Remind me of that promised day,
When from the dead mankind shall rise,
As pure as light, and wing his way,
To spring eternal in the skies.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

In Freedom's song let millions join,
And praise the guardian power divine,
Whose inspiration gave the light,
That dawned with clear, celestial ray,
And gave our land this festal day,
Dispersed its clouds and made it bright.

Like Israel's tribes on Egypt's flood,
Our fathers' feet with caution stood
On stern Oppression's awful strand;
They raised their prayer to Heaven's high throne;
The Lord in majesty came down,
And safely led his chosen band.

The way was desert, dark, and drear,
And doubtful hearts were filled with fear;
But, lo! a fiery pillar rose,

Digitized by Google

A light to guide fair freedom's band,
And lead them to the promised land;
A cloud of darkness to their foes.

Columbia's hills and vales be glad;
Virgins and youth, with garlands clad,
Express your joy in songs of praise,
While dim-eyed age exults to see,
Its offspring *independent*, free —
And joins the inspiring themes to raise.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Sung at the Second Universalist Meeting, July 5th, 1824.

The day returns, and with it brings
The memory of a thousand things,
Which on the page of history stand,
The pride and glory of our land.

When by Oppression's maddening claims
A tyrant wrought disgraceful chains,
Our patriot fathers to control,
To bow their neck, debase their soul;

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A VOICE was heard! it rent the air!
It made Oppression's eye-balls stare!
Declared us INDEPENDENT, FREE!
And made THIS DAY OUR JUBILEE.

Then vassal clans and savage hosts
The din of war sent through our coasts—
The blood of patriots stained the field;
But freemen's hearts can never yield.

Her starry banners Freedom waved,
The Power Divine our country saved,
And told the nations far and near,
FREEDOM should have her dwelling HERE.

A LIGHT has from her temple shone,
And sparks have from her altar flown,
To distant climes, beyond the sea,
The light and fire of LIBERTY.

Long as the sun shall rule the day,
Or moon shall hold her nightly sway,
May Freedom's sons and daughters raise
To God their grateful songs of praise

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DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

And must I die, and see no more
  This lovely world, O Lord, of thine,
Give all these sweet enjoyments o'er,
  And to the shades of death resign?

Why was I made with fond desire
  For these bright scenes which round me lie?
To see, in yonder globe of fire,
  The image of the Deity?

And why should that mild moon so please,
  And those bright stars rejoice a heart
Which icy death so soon must freeze,
  And bid each charm of life depart?

Why should the breezes of the spring,
  And the gay blossoms on the trees,
With all the winged tribes that sing,
  Have such enchanting powers to please

Thy child, O Lord, who soon must die,
  And see, and hear, and love no more?
Can non-existence please thine eye?
  Can death and silence thee adore?

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Still here are softer, fonder things,
In children and companion dear,
Than blossoms, or the bird that sings,
My love to warm, engage my care.

Why dash in pieces, then, the vase
Where such perfumery is stored,
And blot my memory from the place
Where I 've inhaled thy sweetness, Lord?

In dying nature's stormy sea
An anchor to the soul is cast,
And visions of eternity
Present a rich and long repast.

Then, when in death I close these eyes,
And to his power my heart resign,
May hope's immortal star arise,
And shed its cheering rays divine.

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LINES.

On noisome weeds when lilies blow,
And hyacinths on nettles grow;
When briers yield the camphor gum,
And sweets from gall and wormwood run;
When hatred flows in streams of love,
And hawks and kites protect the dove;
When foxes shall the brood defend,
And sheep secure by wolves be penned;
When scorpion stings shall comfort give,
And spasms make the dying live;
When sin shall cleanse poor man defiled,
And lies with truth be reconciled;
When darkest cells shall light afford,
And wrath pronounce a peaceful word;
When kings for equal right contend,
And tyrants shall the same defend;
Then future torments, held to view,
Shall change the heart and make it new.

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A PRAYER.

O Thou, whose power the mountains formed,
And made the sea his bed;
Who set his raging waves their bound,
And all his caverns hid;

The mountains thy commands obey,
The seas thy power confess;
Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
And every dark recess.

O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
Wilt thou thy hand extend,
And to thy gracious, pardoning word
Their lofty summits bend.

And o'er the raging seas of guilt
May thy rich grace abound,
While in the blood which Jesus spilt
Each angry wave is drowned

In darkest caverns of the heart
Wilt thou thy light display;
And to the visual power impart
Thy own eternal day.

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THE PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

Thy word, O Lord, has travelled through
This favored land of thine;
And, where the briar and thistle grew,
Has set a plant divine.

As buds bound up in winter's cold
Feel the soft breath of spring,
Their leaves and blossoms both unfold,
And round their odors fling;

Beneath its power the iron knee
Of superstition bends;
And hearts, from error's bondage free,
Taste joys thy favor sends.

Like as the dews on tender shoots
Both life and vigor give,
Thy grace calls forth abundant fruits,
And makes the dying live.

Thy wonders, Lord, mine eyes have seen,
In this thy favored land;
A desert clothed in living green
By thine all-gracious hand.

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HYMN OF PRAISE.

To Him, whose wisdom is displayed
In every creature he has made;
Whose goodness, too, in fairest lines,
Is read in all his blest designs, —

Let praises in loud anthems rise,
Through all the earth, and reach the skies;
With sounds melodious laud his name,
And raise devotion to a flame.

Through the wide earth and broader sea,
The footsteps of the Deity,
The impress of his truth and grace,
With infinite delight we trace.

Ye sons of men, in worship kneel,
Let every heart the transport feel;
The theme forever shall remain;
Eternally is God the same.

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THE ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE

As early as the voice of birds
Aurora's birth shall sing,
Unto thine altar, O my God,
My sacrifice I 'll bring.

But teach me, Holy Spirit, where
The costly gift is found;
Beyond the seas, beyond the flood,
Or in the deeps profound?

From spicy fields, or olive groves,
An offering shall I bring?
Or shall Golconda's golden shore
Afford the shining thing?

Say, in the stall, with garlands dressed,
This offering can I find?
Or, must there, to atone my guilt,
A first-born be resigned?

Thy voice I hear! The whisper saith,
A broken heart I prize;
Contrition on my altar lay,
'T is precious in my eyes.

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PASTORAL.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

Ye shepherds kind, who tend the fold,
And guard the feeble young,
Who seek a shelter from the cold,
The hills and vales among;

Should from your flocks some wand'rers stray,
And in the forest roam,
Exposed to savage beasts of prey,
Say, would you bring them home?

If lame, or sick, and like to die,
Some tender lamb you see,
To its relief O would you fly,
And its restorer be?

Armed for defence, would you look on,
And see the wolf draw near,
And scatter death your flocks among,
And thus neglect your care?

Beneath your eyes could theft succeed
To waste your flocks so dear?
Or, would you, to prevent the deed,
Stand forth the owners there?

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From you, ye shepherds, will I learn
My Saviour's grace to prize,
Who safely guards his flock from harm,
Beneath his sleepless eyes.

ANOTHER.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Last week, as in a country town
Some herds and flocks I saw,
All fattening on the flowery lawn,
By nature's simple law;

Alert the lambs their gambols played,
And frolicked o'er the fields,
While all around I saw displayed
Such charms as nature yields.

My eyes were feasting on the sight,
My ears did sweetly ring,
While every object gave delight,
And birds for joy did sing;

When, lo, my eyes arrested were,—
A piteous sight to me;

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A blundering lamb ran here and there,
A lamb that could not see.

I grieved to hear its melting moan,
When from the dam astray,
But joyed to see the shepherd come,
And bring the lamb away.

This brought my Shepherd to my mind,
My Saviour and his charms,
Who pitied me when lost and blind,
And took me in his arms.

ODE,

SUNG AT THE CELEBRATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, AT BOSTON, JULY 4, 1820.

Arise, ye millions, through the land,
And loud prolong the lay,
And sing, in one harmonious band,
Our nation's natal day.

To the All Merciful and Wise,
Who brought the tyrant low,

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Let gratitude in anthems rise,
And every passion flow.

Beneath your feet, Columbians, see
Oppression's broken chain;
And shout a nation born, and free,
Who INDEPENDENCE claim.

O think on Him, whose wings were spread,
To guard our hero band,
And sat a shield upon the head
Of those who saved our land!

From north to south, from east to west,
Through our extensive coast,
With equal laws and freedom blest,
We INDEPENDENCE boast.

Nor shall these rights, the price of blood,
Be ever thrown away,
While waters wave, or forests bud,
Or sun reflects a ray.

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THE BEATITUDES.

MATT. v. 3—11.

BLESSED are they in spirit poor;
A heavenly kingdom is their store.
All they desire to them is given —
A life of peace, the life of heaven;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blessed are they who mourn for sin,
For soon their comfort shall begin;
They walk in true humility,
And taste the sweets of liberty;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blest are the meek, both now and hence, —
The earth is their inheritance;
Its treasures vast to them are given,
By Him who rules enthroned in heaven;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blessed are they who hungry are
For righteousness both sweet and rare;

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This is the tree of life divine,
It yields them bread, and milk, and wine;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

The merciful are blest, who show
Compassion both to friend and foe;
A rich reward shall they obtain,
For with them mercy shall remain;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Yea, blessed are the pure in heart,
Who never from the right depart;
Who live from guile and error free;
They shall be blest their God to see;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

Blessed are they who shun all strife,
And others teach a peaceful life;
To them the honor shall be given
Of children of the God of heaven;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

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All those who persecuted are,
For righteousness, have blessings rare;
A heavenly kingdom they possess,
A reign of peace and righteousness;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

All those are blest whom men revile,
And persecute, and treat with guile;
Falsely accuse for Jesus' name,
Although for him they suffer shame;
For all are blest while they obey,
Divinely blest from day to day.

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MY LABORS LAST YEAR.

The last lines composed by the author, and written but five weeks before his long and useful life was closed.

How swiftly on the wheel of time
Twelve months have past away!
And, by a providence divine,
Brought this my natal day!

And O, how kind to me has been
My heavenly Father's care,
Thus to sustain, and me to bring
To this, to me, new year!

In many vineyards of our Lord
My labors have been spent,
To plant the doctrine of his word,
By skill which he has lent.

And large has been the sweet reward
My soul has garnered up,
While drinking deeply of the word,
From an o'erflowing cup.

Who would not live a thousand years
To feed the lambs of Him
Who died to banish all our fears,
And save the world from sin!

But God will many laborers send,
When I am called away,
His cause and doctrine to defend:
For their success I pray.

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